

TRANSACTIONS
OF THE
FOURTH ANNUAL RE-UNION
OF THE
Oregon Pioneer Association;
FOR
1876;

AND THE
ANNUAL ADDRESS DELIVERED BY HON. R. P. BOISE,
TOGETHER WITH
THE OCCASIONAL ADDRESS BY HON. JOHN MINTO; POEM BY E. EBERHARDT,
ESQ., AND AN ARTICLE WRITTEN BY HON. JESSE APPLIGATE.

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATION.



SALEM, OREGON :
E. M. WAITE, STEAM PRINTER AND BOOKBINDER.

1877.



MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

SALEM, OREGON, May 4, 1876.

Board of Directors met pursuant to adjournment.

The following members of the Board and Association were present:

Hon. John W. Grim, President.

Hon. E. N. Cooke, Vice President.

Joseph Watt and W. J. Herren, members of the Board.

J. Henry Brown, Recording Secretary.

Willard H. Rees, Corresponding Secretary.

Hon. F. X. Mathieu, and several other gentlemen took part in the proceedings.

Mr. Rees moved that the re-union be extended to continue for two days,—16th and 16th of June next.

On motion, Jos. Watt and S. G. Reed, were appointed a committee of arrangements in regard to fares with the different companies. Carried.

The subject of programme was taken up and considered in detail.

Joseph Holman, of Marion; Amos Cook, of Yamhill; A. L. Lovejoy, of Clackamas; and Medoram Crawford, of Multnomah, were elected standard bearers.

The piece of music known as *Oregon*, (a Quickstep) composed by A. Metz, in 1845, the only copy in existence, was selected to be played by the band as the leading piece of music.

The committee of arrangements to appoint the floor managers for the ball.

Mr. Cook moved that the ball tickets be placed at \$2.00, without supper.

After considerable discussion in regard to financial matters, the Board adjourned until 7 o'clock, P. M.

EVENING SESSION.

The Board met pursuant to adjournment.

The following programme for the Annual Re-union commencing the 15th of June, was taken up and adopted:

EXERCISES AT THE FAIR GROUNDS.

The procession will form under the direction of the Chief Marshal, Thomas C. Shaw, at 10¼ o'clock, A. M., June 15, 1876, on the plank walk extending east from the railroad track, at the Fair Grounds in the following order, and march to the stand in the grove:

- 1st. Northwest Brass Band—*Oregon*.
- 2d. Standard Bearers.
- 3d. President and Vice President.
- 4th. Chaplain and Orator.
- 5th. Essayist and Poet.
- 6th. Members of Pioneer and Historical Society of Oregon.
- 7th. Recording and Corresponding Secretaries and Treasurer.
- 8th. Invited guests, male and female.
- 9th. Members of the Society, male and female, who came into the Territory previous to January, 1841; followed by the 13 divisions to January, 1854, each division with appropriate banner.
- 10th. Friends of the Association, male and female.
- 11th. March as the Marshal shall direct, to the Stand, where the following Exercises will be had.

AT THE STAND.

- 1st. Music—Hail Columbia.

- 2d. Prayer by the Chaplain, Rev. W. H. Roberts.
 - 3th. Annual Address by Hon. R. P. Boise.
 - 4th. Music.
 - 5th. Recess.
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AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

- 1st. 1 o'clock, Picnic Dinner.
 - 2d. 3 o'clock, Essay by Mrs. Jennie E. Dawne, followed by a Musical Entertainment in the Pavilion, by the Pioneer young ladies and gentlemen.
 - 3d. 7 o'clock, dancing in the Pavilion.
 - 4th. 7 o'clock, PIONEER CAMP FIRE. Opening address, by Hon. S. F. Chadwick, who will be followed by others, with time limited to 15 minutes to each speaker.
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SECOND DAY.

- 1st. 9 o'clock, A. M., reports and election of officers and business meeting.
 - 2d. 11 o'clock, A. M., form procession and march to the speakers' stand, where Hon. John Minto will deliver the Descriptive Address, and call the Roll of 1844.
 - 3d. 1 o'clock, Picnic Dinner.
 - 4th. 2 o'clock, Poem by E. Eberhardt.
 - 5th. Singing by Students of Salem under direction of Prof. T. H. Crawford.
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PORTLAND CELEBRATION.

Mr. W. H. Rees offered the following preamble and resolutions, which were adopted:

WHEREAS, An invitation has been extended by the Centennial Executive Committee, in the name of the citizens of Portland, to the Pioneer Association, requesting its members to be present and join in celebrating the hundreth anniversary of our national independence; and

WHEREAS, Hon. J. W. Grim, President of the Association, has, in behalf of its members, accepted the invitation thus extended; wherefore, the following suggestions are respectfully submitted:

- 1st. That the Board of Directors be requested to confer with the Centennial Executive Committee for the purpose of securing a suitable hall or place in the

city, to be used as headquarters of the Pioneer Association, during the Centennial Celebration.

2d. That the meeting designate a member of the organization to perform the duty of "spokesman" or orator, and when occasion may require in the regular order of exercises, to respond in behalf of the Pioneer Association.

3d. That a Marshal and two aids be selected to act during the celebration under the general orders of the Chief Marshal of the Centennial Jubilee.

4th. That in forming the Pioneers in procession, the same order used at the Annual Re-union shall be observed and the National flag, the Grand and Division banners of the Association, when not in use, shall be placed in charge of the Marshal of the Association.

5th. That the Recording Secretary of the Association be authorized to keep the Register at the Pioneer headquarters in Portland during the Centennial Celebration, for the purpose of enrolling the names of those who may choose to become members.

The following gentlemen were appointed as Marshal and aids:

R. H. Lamson, of Dayton, Yamhill county, Chief Marshal.

Aids—Daniel Clark, of Marion, and James Elkins, of Linn.

Association Grand Standard Bearers:—Ben Cornelius, of Forest Grove; Hiram Smith, of Harrisburg; B. F. Shaw, of Vancouver, W. T.; B. F. Nichols, of Dallas.

Division Standard Bearers:—1840, J. L. Parrish, of Marion; 1841, F. Bernier, of Marion; 1842, M. Crawford, of Multnomah; 1843, W. J. Garrison, McMinnville; 1844, Wm. M. Case, of Champoe; 1845, Greenberry Smith, of Corvallis; 1846, F. M. Geer, Butteville; 1847, Chris. Taylor, Dayton; 1848, Ahio S. Watt, Forest Grove; 1849, Capt. Geo. H. Flanders, Portland; 1850, Geo. Comegyes, Amity.

On motion, adjourned.

J. W. GRIM, *President.*

J. HENRY BROWN, *Recording Secretary.*

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

SALEM, May 13, 1876.

The Committee of Arrangements met in the Senate Chamber at 2 o'clock, and the following named members were present: Mrs. J. F. Miller, Mrs. John Minto, Mrs. S. A. Clarke, Mrs. W. Breyman, Mrs. B. H. Bowman, Misses Clara Watt, Marie E. Smith, and John W. Minto.

On motion, Mrs. J. F. Miller was elected President.

The several propositions from Brass Bands were read, and, on motion, the Northwest band, Charles Brey, leader was selected.

On motion, J. A. Baker was added to the committee.

On motion, Martin & Co., and Peter Emerson were authorized to open restaurants on the ground during the Re-union.

The following persons were appointed as Committee on Finance: Hon. S. F. Chadwick, C. M. Cartwright, Misses Clara A. Watt and Marie E. Smith.

The following committees were chosen for the annual ball:

HONORARY COMMITTEE.

Hon. M. P. Deady,—Portland.

Hon. L. F. Grover,—Salem.

Dr. J. R. Bayley—Corvallis.

Col. John McCracken,—Portland.

Hon. Henry Conn, Sen.,—Roseburg.

Hon. M. Crawford,—La Fayette.

Capt. A. P. Ankeny,—Portland.

Joseph Watt Esq,—Forest Grove.

Hon. J. W. Nesmith,—Dixie.

Hon. J. C. Tolman,—Jacksonville.
Hon. S. F. Chadwick,—Salem.
John Hobson, Esq.,—Astoria.
Hon. Henry Klippell,—Jacksonville.
Hon. O. S. Savage,—The Dalles.
Col. C. C. Beekman,—Jacksonville.

FLOOR MANAGERS.

Hon. J. B. Lee,—Corvallis.
Gen'l. M. V. Brown,—Albany.
D. H. Looney,—Jefferson.
Benjamin Strang,—Salem.
John W. Minto,—Salem.
W. S. Moss,—Oakland.
E. B. Fellows,—Oregon City.
Hon. Geo. L. Curry,—Portland.
Ed. Taylor,—Astoria.

RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

Elijah Livingstone,—Roseburg.
E. F. Thompson,—Freeport, W. T.
Byron Grim,—Aurora.
W. S. Eakin,—Eugene City.
J. R. Herren,—Albany.
D. H. Murphy,—Salem.
F. C. Geer,—Butteville.

On motion, all intoxicating drinks are to be excluded from the grounds.

On motion, adjourned.

MRS. J. F. MILLER, *President*.

J. HENRY BROWN, *Secretary*.

FOURTH ANNUAL RE-UNION.

STATE FAIR GROUNDS,
SALEM, June 16, 1876. }

The morning of the 15th of June was greeted with a balmy sun, and again the Pioneer Association of Oregon came together around its common altar to join in a jubilee over the completion of the toils and the accomplishments of the hopes of its members. The warm greetings of those who had not met for years, were exchanged, old acquaintances renewed; the youths of different families were brought face to face with the companions of their parents in the toils and privations in years long gone by. The scene was a picturesque one; old and young mingled together with a cordiality and freedom that resembled a re-union of a long separated family. Constantly the assembly was augmented, and each arrival was greeted with an earnestness and cordiality that was assuring that they were expected and welcomed.

The procession was formed by the Chief Marshal, Thomas C. Shaw, headed by a large American flag, borne by Mr. W. J. Herren, accompanied by Mrs. Oliva Smith, one of the pioneer ladies of Oregon. Then followed the magnificent banner of the Association, followed by the officers and different divisions to January, 1853, and marched over the designated route, halting at the Speaker's stand, where the assembly was seated. After music by the band, Rev. Wm. Roberts offered a fervent prayer, which was listened to with the strictest decorum.

Hon. John W. Grim, President of the Association, then delivered the following opening address:

FELLOW CITIZENS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION:—In compliance with the Constitution of our organization, the ceremonies of your fourth Annual Re-union have now commenced. The 15th of June is an historical day in the annals of the former Territory of Oregon, and by your organic law has been set apart as an anniversary for the re-union of her early pioneers, the men and women who brought from their far-off Eastern homes and planted by their own unaided exertions, upon this western shore, the inestimable blessings of civil and religious liberty. While we cannot but drop a silent tear at the tombs of John Ford, Col. Joseph L. Meek, Capt. L. N. English, Samuel Allen, David Weston and J. J. Mathoit—all veteran pioneers of Oregon, most of whom were present with us upon these beautiful grounds twelve months ago—and remembering that those who are gone are only a few camps in advance, yet we have cause to return thanks and rejoice with an honest joy, springing up from the innermost recesses of our hearts, that so many of the early fathers and mothers are present with their children, children's children, and friends, to take part in the exercises of this the thirtieth anniversary of the day we commemorate.

The Oregon Pioneer Association is historical and social in character, hence fellow-members, you have a high and responsible duty to perform, and as its founders, will in due time be rewarded for your labors, if you shall faithfully continue to observe your high trust.

Your historical association will be perpetuated by your children. It will grow with their growth, and strength. The geographical boundaries of the country over which historical researches may extend is vast indeed, limited on the east by the summit of the Rocky mountains; on the west by the Pacific ocean, and extending from the 42d to the 49th parallel of north latitude, which comprises the outline of the original Territory of Oregon. I can not but congratulate you, ladies and gentlemen of the Association, upon the rapidity with which your historical collections, published and unpublished, are accumulating. But for the greater part of this valuable labor, the Association is indebted to but comparatively few of its members. Hence permit me to say, if it is our intention to contribute one single thought, incident or historical fact to our archival collection, that good intention should not be delayed, for each returning Pioneer day will find our ranks more and more decimated by the ravages of ever-rolling time.

It is hardly necessary, fellow-members, for me to remind you that this great nation is now nearing the Centennial anniversary of her birth. We are forty millions of people united in a great and invincible Republic. The next Centennial year will find us a gigantic nation of one hundred millions, with at least

thirty millions on the Pacific coast. And let us hope for the benefit of posterity, a republic still, with all the blessings the name implies.

Now that our kindred organization all over this broad land are putting forth their best energies toward the consummation of the special objects which call them into life, it would be well for us to emulate their praiseworthy example.

I am also gratified on behalf of this Association, to send greeting to our sister organization, the Pioneer and Historical Society of Oregon, your kindest regards, fully impressed in the belief that their labors will add many valuable pages to the historical record of this western land.

In conclusion permit me, Ladies and Gentlemen, in behalf of this honored Association to bid you all a most hearty welcome to this, the Fourth Annual Jubilee of the Oregon Pioneer Association.

At the conclusion of the Opening Address by the President, Hon. R. P. Boise was introduced and delivered the Annual Address* and for an hour interested the audience in his strong and terse style, making one of the best efforts; relating many thrilling incidents and giving many details of the early history of Oregon.

Judge Boise was followed by Hon. M. P. Deady, who read an article written by Hon. Jesse Applegate, entitled "A Day with the Cow Column," that had been published in the *Overland Monthly*.

After music by the band, the audience was dismissed and soon scattered through the beautiful grove of oaks and partook of a repast served in a true picnic style.

At 3 o'clock, P. M., Mrs. Jennie E. Dawne read an essay in behalf of the ladies of the Association.

In the evening, the younger portion of the Association repaired to the pavilion and participated in the Annual Ball, and it was noticed that quite a number of the old Pioneers who were unable to resist the influence of the good music furnished for the occasion, took an active part in the exhilarating quadrille; the sexagenary joined hands with his rosy cheeked partner in her teens. The strictest decorum was observed, and the Managers exerted themselves, and succeeded most admirably, in making the ball one of the most enjoyable that could be found.

At the same hour, in the oak grove near by, there was a large number collected around the camp-fire, where short speeches were made, and many thrilling anecdotes of life upon the plains and pioneering in Oregon and the now adjacent Territories, were related. Many of these anecdotes were of mirth-provoking character, while others were burdened with a serious cast, but they were all of an instructive character and of deep interest to the audience.

SECOND DAY.

At 11 o'clock, A. M., the procession was formed according to programme and marched to the Speaker's stand, where they were well entertained by the Occasional Address by Hon. John Minto, reviewing and giving a historical account of their trials, and called the roll of 1844. The address was followed by several impromptu speeches by those who had come to this coast both by land and water.

As a re-union, the occasion was a success; all who took part enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent, and it was remarked by a visitor that the collection was one well calculated in their younger years to reclaim a country, subdue the savages and build up a State that is a bright star in the galaxy of our common country.

ASSOCIATION MEETING.

STATE FAIR GROUNDS,
SALEM, June, 16, 1876. }

At 9 o'clock, A. M., according to programme, a business meeting of the Association was held, and the Recording Secretary submitted the following report, which was adopted:

Mr. President and Members of the Oregon Pioneer Association:

At this the fourth Annual Re-union of the Association, your Secretary would respectfully beg leave to report:

Since our last Re-union there has been a steady increase of interest in the affairs of the Association, and quite a number of the early settlers of Oregon have become members, while others have evinced a deep interest in the welfare of the Association.

THE DEATHS.

Of our members who have passed away since our last Re-union, the first was Joseph L. Meek, who resided near Hillsboro, Washington county. Col. Meek died June 11, 1875, aged 65 years, 4 months and 4 days, and was sick at the time of our last meeting. For a more extended notice and biography, the members are referred to an article furnished by the gifted pen of Mrs. F. F. Victor, published in this year's Transactions.

Capt. Leven N. English, a member of the class of 1845, died in Salem, March 6, 1876, at the ripe age of 84 years, 11 months and 10 days. There was a short notice of his life published in our Transactions, but not as full as was justly due, on account of the near completion of the publication; but a much fuller biography is being prepared for the Association's Biographical book.

Samuel Allen, a member of the class of 1847, died in Salem, May 12, 1876, aged 71 years. Uncle Samuel Allen, as was most familiarly known, died after our Transactions had been issued, consequently his name does not appear on the memorial page.

These three deaths are all that your Secretary has been informed of; but there may have been more, and I would suggest that when a member of this Association has passed away, that information be furnished to the Secretary, with name, date and age, with such biographical sketch that would prove of interest to the Association and the people of the State.

There have also several other old pioneers, not members of this Association, died during the year. The first, I believe, was Joseph H. Brown, who resided I think, in Washington county, at an advanced age; also a Mr. Nelson, of Polk county, another settler, whose name I did not obtain, who had reached nearly 100 years of age.

Jean Jacque Mathoit, a native of France and a resident of Butteville, Marion county, who died May 23, 1876, age 72 years and 1 month.

Walter Montieth, the proprietor of Albany, Oregon, died at that city last Sabbath, June 11, 1876, age 60 years.

These last mentioned deaths most probably do not belong to this report; but it shows how rapidly the pioneers of early Oregon are passing off the stage of action, after a life of toil and danger, and having established a State on the far

off Pacific coast, thousands of miles from the homes of their childhood and made the wilderness blossom like the rose.

AMENDMENTS.

By request of several who are interested, the subject of striking out the words: "*Provided*, That no admission fees or yearly dues be exacted from female members of the Association;" in Article IX, of the Constitution, is brought to your attention, and they argue that they wish to be placed upon an equal footing with male members. I will only say that there are now on the roll ninety female names, which, if they paid one dollar a year, might have some weight on the subject.

MEMBERSHIP.

For the purpose of having uniformity, and to obtain as many members as possible, I printed at my own expense, blanks with the proper headings, as adopted by the Association at its organization, adding the postoffice address, and appointed agents wherever I could ascertain that a person would act and take interest in the same. This action met with the hearty approval of the Board of Directors, and I hope the Association will approve of the same, if you think proper, as it was thought that by this means the names of many could be obtained that could not have been otherwise.

For the purpose of arranging the name alphabetically, I manufactured a book and copied all the members' names into the same.

To keep the accounts, had printed receipts and bound into books with proper stubs, considering it the easiest and most accurate way of keeping the accounts of the members, giving a receipt to a new for membership or dues from old, properly noted on the stub.

FINANCE.

This is a subject that requires careful legislation, and it has been suggested that the dues be raised to that of \$1.50 or \$2.00 as it is quite evident that at the present amount it is not sufficient to meet the necessary current expenses. The idea has been advanced that there be a subscription paper circulated at the town or city where it has been determined to hold the Re-union, but it is a very uncertain way of raising money, especially when the gathering lasts for only two days, and that a social one. If ladies should be allowed to pay an initiation fee and yearly dues as male members, there would most probably be added from \$50 to \$100 per annum. There should be a fund set aside each year, and allowed to accumulate for the purpose of erecting a simple monument to old pioneers who have spent the energies of their lives in the establishment of civil-

ization on this coast, or for the especial need that may come up unprovided for, or purchase of books for a library.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND BIOGRAPHICAL BOOK.

Early in July last I issued the following circular:

OFFICE OF RECORDING SECRETARY,
SALEM, Oregon, July 5, 1875. }

To the Pioneers of Oregon:—The undersigned, Recording Secretary of the Oregon Pioneer Association, proposes to open a "Book of Autobiography," and will record in the same, for the purpose of accumulating all the information possible in regard to the early history of Oregon, and thus rescuing from oblivion all the incidents pertaining to Oregon's history, hardships endured by those who traversed the plains or arrived by water; also, all scraps of history or incidents relating to persons who are now dead or still living, whether in this State or elsewhere; incidents of Indian wars; accounts of trips to California in 1849 and 1850; history of the discovery of gold in California, Southern or Eastern Oregon; in fact everything that will prove interesting, and wish to have the same recorded; no matter how insignificant or trivial you may think the incident is, it contributes to the general history of the State of Oregon.

I suggest the following as a general plan: name in full; date of birth, giving date of month and the year; town, county and State or Province, giving incidents of early life, year of emigration to Oregon, account of the trip and arrival and where first settled, with as complete a list as possible of those who accompanied you, and the names of those died or lost their lives while on the journey. You are also requested to send your photograph, with name distinctly written on the back, and year of arrival, in ink.

It is hoped that *all* will act upon this suggestion, as every person who came to Oregon up to the time of the completion of the railroad across the plains, can furnish something of interest.

In reply to the above circular I have received a few sketches, but not so many as I had hoped, and I will state that the Pioneers of Oregon possess more modesty than Lieutenant General Winfield Scott, who wrote his own autobiography, and insisted that no one could do the subject justice as well as himself. I have conversed with several who thought it advisable to incorporate in the same book the biographies of deceased members. If the above scheme should meet with your approval and endorsement, it would undoubtedly go far toward forwarding the object.

LIBRARY.

As a commencement toward a library of the Association, Hon. Wm. H. Gray

donated two volumes of his "History of Oregon," and the thanks of the Society is due that gentleman for his liberality. This is a subject of considerable importance to the Association, and the sooner a move is made to collect books, journals, manuscripts and newspapers published in Oregon, or refers to the early history of this coast, the easier and the more complete collection can be obtained. In fact many valuable books are now out of print, and it would most probably be next to impossible to obtain them. I am credibly informed that there is but one known copy in existence of Captains Lewis and Clarke's journal of the expedition to Oregon in 1804, and that is in the Congressional Library at Washington City. I received a catalogue of old works for sale in New York City that mention eight works on Oregon or pertaining to this coast, that can be purchased at a reasonable price, considering their scarcity.

I have made an effort to make a collection of books and papers published in Oregon, such as the *Oregon Spectator* and other newspapers; also the Archives and other pamphlets and books, but have met with very indifferent success.

NATIVITY.

The question has been quite frequently asked, "What State has furnished the most Pioneers?" And, as an answer, I have compiled the following from the roll of the Association:

Where from to Oregon—Arkansas, 5; California, 8; Connecticut, 3; Georgia, 1; Illinois, 103; Indiana, 29; Iowa, 48; Kentucky, 6; Michigan, 6; Minnesota, 1; Missouri, 164; New Hampshire, 1; New York, 23; Ohio, 30; Oregon, 8; Pennsylvania, 5; Tennessee, 5; Vermont, 1; Virginia, 3; Wisconsin, 1. *Foreign countries*—England, 3; Russia, 1; Canada, 1; Ireland, 1; Sandwich Islands, 3; Scotland 2; South America, 1; New Zealand, 1; Mexico, 1.

Native State or country—Alabama, 2; Arkansas, 3; Connecticut, 7; Delaware, 1; Georgia, 1; Illinois, 47; Indiana, 31; Iowa, 12; Kentucky, 39; Maine, 5; Maryland, 7; Massachusetts, 15; Michigan, 3; Missouri, 68; New Hampshire, 4; New Jersey, 1; New York, 55; North Carolina, 3; Ohio, 50; Oregon, 13; Pennsylvania, 21; Tennessee, 33; Vermont, 7; Virginia, 29; West Virginia, 5; Wisconsin, 1. *Foreign countries*—England, 22; Australia, 1; Bavaria, 3; Germany, 7; Russia, 1; Canada, 6; Ireland, 8; Cuba, 1; Switzerland, 1; Van Dieman's Land, 1; New Brunswick, 4; Scotland, 3; Prussia, 1; Nova Scotia, 1.

Nearly every civilized nation on earth is represented. Truly a cosmopolitan people; gathered together under one flag and government, and members of one association, each bringing with him the improvements and the energy of his race

as common stock in reclaiming a wilderness and establishing civilization on the far away Pacific coast.

FUTURE PROSPECTS.

The out-look for our future prosperity in usefulness and numbers is very flattering, and the interest that is now being awakened in the affairs of the Association cannot help but forward our prosperity.

CONCLUSION.

In conclusion, I will say that I have performed my duty to the best of my ability, and used all the energy I possessed in forwarding the objects of the Association, I found that there was a great amount of work to do, but hope it has been successfully accomplished; but will say that I have received encouragement and assistance from Hon. John W. Grim, our venerable president, and Willard H. Rees, Esq., the energetic and acceptable Corresponding Secretary.

Hoping that my work will prove satisfactory as submitted to you for inspection,

I remain yours, etc.,

J. HENRY BROWN,

Recording Sec'y.

The Treasurer submitted the following report, which was adopted:

TREASURER'S REPORT.

OREGON CITY, June 15, 1876.

To the Officers and Members of the O. P. A.:

GENTLEMEN: I herewith submit my report as Treasurer of the Association for the year last passed:

1874.

RECEIPTS.

From ex-Treasurer, June 16th.....	\$ 79 20
From W. H. Rees.....	114 50
Collected, self.....	45 00
From Mr. Watt.....	2 00
From the ball fund.....	333 50
Subscriptions.....	260 00
Accounted for by Reed & Wright.....	50 00
From Mr. Minto.....	16 00
Dues, R. S. Steen, J. M. Moore.....	2 00
Jan. 1876—Admission fees from A. R. Shipley, D. D. Tompkins, C. O. Boynton, J. P. Blanchard, J. N. Meldrum, Peter	

Paquet, E. L. Eastham, W. C. Johnson, W. H. Pope, Z. S.	
Dotson (dues), J. M. Moore, C. W. Pope, W. J. Whitlock, H.	
Straight, R. L. Warsham, J. Athey, J. M. Bacon (dues), one	
dollar each.....	17 00
	\$919 25

EXPENDITURES.

June 16, 1876—Paid order No. 1.....	\$ 10 50
Refunded to Rev. E. Walker.....	1 00
Paid bank as per receipts.....	100 00
Coin on bill.....	30 00
Coin on Wright's bill.....	20 00
Order No. 2.....	130 00
Order No. 6.....	288 00
Order No. 6.....	17 00
W. J. Herren, as per receipt.....	170 00
Orders 7 and 10.....	15 00
Order No. 8.....	70 00
Order No. 11.....	50 10
	\$ 902 50
To balance on hand.....	\$ 16 75

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. BACON, *Treasurer*.

The following officers were elected by acclamation:

President, Hon. John Minto.

Vice President, Hon. E. N. Cooke.

Recording Secretary, J. Henry Brown.

Corresponding Secretary, Willard H. Rees.

Treasurer, John M. Bacon.

Three Directors, Wm. J. Herren, Chris. Taylor and Joseph Watt.

On motion, Daniel Clark was elected Chief Marshal.

On motion, three delegates were elected to represent the Association, at the National Historical Association to convene at

Philadelphia. Rev. Wm. Roberts, R. R. Thompson and A. J. Dufur.

The subject of Membership dues was called up, and after considerable discussion the amount retained as heretofore—\$1.00.

On motion, the Association adjourned.

JOHN W GRIM, *President.*

J. HENRY BROWN, *Recording Secretary.*

MEETING OF BOARD DIRECTORS.

SALEM, April 9, 1877.

The Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met in the parlor of the Chemeketa Hotel. Present, Hon. J. Minto, President; Wm. J. Herren, Joseph Watt and Chris. Taylor, Directors; J. Henry Brown, Secretary; W. H. Rees, Corresponding Secretary; Hons. J. W. Grim, F. X. Mathieu, R. C. Geer, Col. Jennings and others, who participated in the proceedings.

Mr. Rees introduced some Order of Business, which were adopted.

As the Board of Managers of the Oregon State Agricultural Society had granted the use of their grounds, on motion they were selected.

On motion, the the time of closing the next Re-union was fixed at Saturday noon, June 16th, 1877.

Rev. L. H. Judson was chosen as Chaplain.

On motion, Hon. Elwood Evans, of Olympia, W. T., was elected to deliver the Annual Address, and Hon. Wm. Strong, as alternate.

On motion, Gen. Joel Palmer, was chosen to deliver the Occasional Address, in relation to the immigration, and call the roll of 1845, and Hon. Stephen Staats, as alternate.

The following were appointed as Financial Committee: Wm. J. Herren, Jos. Holman and Werner Breyman.

Committee of Arrangements: E. M. Waite, Wm. J. Herren, John W. Minto, Mrs. Mary Minto and Mrs. S. A. Clarke.

Mr. Geer moved that the grand march of the Association be held at 1:30 o'clock, P. M., on the first day of the Re-union.

Mr. Rees introduced the following resolution for action at the evening session:

Resolved, That the Board of Directors present for the consideration of this meeting, a plan for assessment upon its members or otherwise, as to the Board may seem best, which will free the Association of its present indebtedness.

Hon. A. L. Lovejoy was chosen to deliver an address on the immigration of 1842, and Hon. Medorum Crawford, alternate.

On motion, the old committee on Printing was re-elected.

On motion, adjourned until 7:30 o'clock, P. M.

EVENING SESSION.

Board met pursuant to adjournment.

Daniel Clark resigned as Chief Marshal, and on motion, Hon. R. C. Geer was elected to fill the vacancy, and James Elkins, of Linn county, assistant.

Moved and carried, that an admittance fee of fifty cents be charged to all male adults who are not members, and all members who pay their membership dues pass free.

On motion, the ball tickets were placed at \$2.00, without supper.

On motion, the Recording Secretary was authorized to file away 100 copies of each year's Transactions of the Association, in his office, as archives.

On motion, E. M. Waite was authorized to print 1,000 copies of the Transactions of 1876.

Moved and carried that the members of the press be invited by the Secretary to attend the Re-union.

Moved that a resolution of thanks be tendered to the State Agricultural Society for the use of the Fair Grounds.

The President, Vice President, Recording Secretary, Wm. J. Herren and E. M. Waite, were appointed a Committee on Programme.

A resolution was passed requesting the different newspapers of the State to print the proceedings of this meeting.

Moved and carried that Col. J. McCracken, A. P. Ankeny and C. H. Lewis, be appointed a committee to secure a reduction of fare on the different lines of transportation.

On motion, adjourned.

JOHN MINTO, *President.*

J. HENRY BROWN, *Secretary.*

THE ANNUAL ADDRESS.

BY HON. R. P. BOISE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION :

I had hoped that an older Pioneer than I am, our esteemed and honored friend Jesse Applegate, would address us on this our Annual Re-union, for I know he is much better able to do justice to the occasion.

Though we are in what we call a new country, still in the history of our planet it is old. These rocks and hills are old and grey with age.

The history of a country is written first by those natural forces which formed and fashioned the land, and dates back to a period before the mountains were raised up or the plains stretched out to form the face of the landscape.

This history is registered on the rocks on the mountain sides, and in the deposits of the rivers and lakes; in periods, reaching far back before the advent of man on the earth, and in those facts which have been preserved here and there to testify of the passed wonderful works of the Creator.

But the history of the people of a country, is the record of the lives and actions of her men and women.

It is interesting and instructive in proportion as the people were intelligent, virtuous and enterprising. In proportion as their history excites our sympathy by their deprivations and sufferings, or their joys and exultations; and to feel for them and be interested in them, we must be able to penetrate to the feelings and every day excitements and pursuits of their lives.

And as we would desire to preserve our early history in this country, which we have by our enterprise and industry, searched out and settled, and redeemed from the wilderness, fresh in the annals of future years, we must be particular in preserving and recording the incidents and traditions of our early pioneer life.

Those of us who saw Oregon twenty-five years ago, can see the changes which advancing enterprise and civilization have wrought, not only in the physical appearance of the country, but in the habits and every-day thoughts and actions of the people.

If at that day you traveled through this valley, the usual and almost only mode of conveyance was on horseback, on the native Indian horse. If you came to a river you must swim or ford it, except at a few points; where ferries were established by private enterprise. But few fences turned the traveler aside. You could go from point to point straight across the open prairie, then fresh with luxuriant grass and fragrant with flowers.

The settlers then in the country were scattered at considerable distances from each other. They lived in log houses—and on summer evenings sat in their rude chairs on the outside about the door. They were kind to one another and uniformly hospitable to strangers. It was the period of our history which preceded the establishment of hotels, and was unadorned with fashion and the corruptions of stylish living. It was not, however, an unhappy period of our history, for though none were rich, all seemed well to do, and abundance, social equality, peace and good will reigned in the land.

We were then a pastoral people and lived on the range, and the range was indeed good in those days—better, I imagine, and more inviting to the herdsmen than was the plains of Jordan, when it is recorded that separating his herds from those of Abraham, “Lot lifted up his eyes and beheld all the plain of Jordan that it was well watered everywhere,” “and he pitched his tent in it, towards Sodom.”

Cattle were then abundant and constituted the principal staple commercial wealth of the people. Ox teams which had hauled their owners across the plains were then used to do the freighting of the country, and instead of horses served to take the family of the pioneer a visiting, to church, and campmeeting, where natural orators with fervent souls officiated as acceptable and successful ministers of our Holy Religion.

These slow but sure teams made long journies to take our unground wheat to the then distant mills, and were the only means of commercial intercourse, between the interior of the valley and Portland, then a small village anchored in the mud, with the Willamette in front and a gigantic forest in the rear.

Portland then as now, was a place of supply, and contained abundance of sugar and coffee, and some whiskey, which latter was often purchased by the hardy pioneer in moderate quantities, just to keep out the wet in returning home on his slow, long journey, while he slept by his wagon, often covered by a cloudy sky and exposed to the Oregon mist.

When with a number of other Pioneers, I arrived in the Columbia river on the 27th of November, 1850, I found Astoria very much the place I contemplated. For from what I had read of the country, and its early settlements, Astoria was

pictured on my mind as little more than a rude fort, sheltered and shaded by gigantic pines and spruces growing on the jagged edges of rocky precipices.

But the Columbia, or famed Oregon, was more grand than I had conceived. Its mouth opening into the sea five miles in width, stretched across by a row of breakers that looked like an impassable wall between the restless, surging ocean, and the calm waters of the bay, inspired me with awe at the terrific power and grandeur of the winds and the waters.

When we approached the river to enter from the sea, it was a clear day with a strong wind that occasionally dashed the spray over the wheel-house and wet the decks of the steamer California. As we crossed the bar, riding over the long surges of the ocean, that rocked us with no very gentle motion, we could see the grand panorama of the wild Columbia region. It surpassed all I had ever seen in grandeur and sublimity. It looked as though God had thrown together here in wild confusion the huge refuse and rubbish that had been left and cleaned off in the creation of smoother lands.

Wherever you could look, it was the broad river issuing from vast mountains, clothed and crowned with sombre green forests, which looked as though they would never be tenable by men, and were only fit for the habitations of wild beasts and the birds of heaven. Away in the distance were to be seen Mounts Hood and St. Helens, just covered with fresh snows of the late autumn, setting like glittering gems in the dark green of the distant mountain pines.

Those who have never before seen snow capped mountains and hundreds of miles of evergreen forests at a single sight, will never forget the impression made on the mind when approaching the Columbia bar from sea on a clear day.

As we neared the breakers, our Captain said to us, make everything fast and hold on to something solid, or you will be unable to stand. And it was well we heeded his admonition, for the ship rolled in the waters like a floating cork.

Astoria was then almost without hotel accommodations, and we were obliged to sleep on the floor and provide our own blankets and pay a dollar for lodging.

We concluded not to tarry longer than one night at this seaport, even then being a port of entry with custom house, and claiming that it was to be in time the emporium of the future commerce of the Columbia region.

We started up the Columbia for Portland in an open boat, and after a very disagreeable voyage of three days, arrived at St. Helens, then as now, a small village, and claiming to be the most favorable point for the location of the future emporium of trade.

Having become very tired of this river travel where we had been exposed to cold snow and rain, and learning that Rev. Cushing Eels, who was from my

native town in Massachusetts, was living at Forest Grove about twenty-five miles from St. Helens, and that I could reach him by leaving our craft and taking a new road across the mountains to the Tualatin plains, I bid a due to my companions on the river voyage and started on foot for Forest Grove, where I arrived in two days without particular adventure. I found Mr. Eels living in a comfortable log house near where now stands the Pacific University. I knew him, though he did not know me, for I was a boy when he left our native place on his mission to the Indians in Oregon. I had seen him ordained for his holy office, and remember now as though it were yesterday of seeing Dr. Davis and other Divines lay their hands upon his head in the old church at Blandford, and consecrate him to God and the church, and of the singing on that occasion of that grand old missionary hymn:

"Go messenger of peace and love,
To people plunged in shades of night;
Like angels sent from fields above
Be thine to shed celestial light."

He received me as a friend and a brother and gave me much valuable information relative to the country and its prospects. He had lived for many years in the Spokane country in Eastern Oregon, as a missionary among the Indians and had traveled much in both Eastern and Western Oregon and was then well acquainted with the geography of the country and its resources.

And though it has been said of some of the early missionaries, that they thought and said this country was of little value, such was not the opinion of Mr. Eels, who was then earnestly projecting and laboring for the planting and nurturing of religious and educational institutions in the country on a scale that contemplated a populous and wealthy commonwealth of intelligent Americans. He then predicted a grand future for the country and was impressed with the value of both Eastern and Western Oregon.

He was impressed with the opinion that it was impossible to tame into civilization the wild Indians and educate from them the barbarism of their nature.

Though he regarded his mission to the Indians as a practical failure so far as gathering them from barbarism to Christianity, he thought God had guided here the feet of the missionaries as the forerunners of American civilization. That had they not been here in those early days and advised the United States government of the value of the country, it would have passed under the sway of the British crown, and the flag of the Union never floated over it.

And history will record that these holy men were the nucleus around which has been formed and built the State of Oregon. They builded well, for they laid their foundation on that rock which bears up and sustains the superstructure

of the civilization of the last eighteen hundred years. And fortunate indeed is it that such men were here in that early time, men who knew the wants of a christian community. Men who were learned in the sciences and literature as well as in theology; and knew and appreciated the value of labor and industry, and who were willing to and did build with their own hands.

Men who knew how to plant in the virgin soil the seeds of virtue and knowledge and cultivate them, as they germinated and grew into churches, schools and colleges.

They founded the Willamette University at Salem; the Pacific University at Forest Grove, and other institutions of religion and learning throughout the land, which are of more value to the future prosperity and glory of the State, than all the gold of California or the wealth of the Indies.

In December, 1850, the Territorial Legislature was in session at Oregon City, then the Capitol of the Territory; it consisted of nine Councilmen and twenty-five Representatives. There had been one Territorial Legislature before this, but, agitated by the gold excitement of California and anxious to hasten to the gold fields, little was done towards putting the Territorial government in running order. The laws were meagre and uncertain and almost passed finding out.

There was what was called the Steamboat Code, which was in manuscript, and contained a mere reference to various laws of Iowa of 1843; which had been adopted as the laws of Oregon. The printed Statute of Iowa, being adopted without being rewritten or reprinted. These Statutes of Iowa were used for several years and until June, 1853, as the laws of Oregon; and was then and still is known as the Blue Book; not because the laws were blue, but because the book was under a blue cover.

In that Legislature were many men who have since been prominent and contributed much to the political history of Oregon, and done much to form its society and shape its destiny.

Then I first saw Fred Waymire, he was a member of the Council from Polk county. He was afterwards in the Legislature and Constitutional Convention. He was a man of great energy and strong impulse. As a legislator, he was ever opposed to extravagance in public affairs and well earned the name "of bull dog of the treasury" in Oregon. For many years he was prominent in politics and was called the "Old Apostle of Democracy," of this appellation he was always proud. In 1850, he was a young man in appearance, showing in every lineament and feature, the strong, impulsive vehemance of his nature. He was then to outward appearances a man of the world, without much regard to the

teachings and ordinances of religion. But when he wrote (as he sometimes did for the *Statesman*, then the oracle of Democracy,) or spoke in public, his writings and speeches betrayed his strong religious tendencies. In his library were religious works, and among them the writings of Dr. Adam Smith; and he named his residence on the Luckimute, "Hayden Hall," after the name of the residence of that great author. And Uncle Fred, as he was familiarly called, after wandering for a few years from the communion of the Methodist Episcopal Church of which he had been a member in Missouri, returned again to its discipline and observances. Almost the last time I saw him, he was at a camp-meeting on the banks of the La Creole, standing with the Elders within the altar. He had then become old and gray with the lapse of seventy years, and declared with the courage of a veteran who had met with fidelity and patriotism the duties of life, that he was ready to make his exit from life's stage whenever his Master should call him.

And nothing truer or better can be said of this old pioneer than that he was a true friend, a patriotic citizen, an honest man, and a christian gentleman; who, with resignation and an earnest belief in the immortality of the human soul, and hoped that he would live again beyond the grave, died in the bosom of the church he loved, honored and mourned by his brethren.

B. F. Harding was a member of this same Legislature, and a young lawyer from the then little town of Salem, which was then aspiring to be made the Capital of the Territory and finally succeeded in securing its location there before the session closed. Mr. Harding has been from that time on a prominent and leading man in Oregon—having been Secretary of the Territory, and United States Senator. His practical knowledge and strong common sense has rendered him at all times a safe counselor in public and private affairs.

After his return from the United States Senate, in 1866, he did not return to the practice of his profession, but like the statesman and philosopher of the olden time, chose the calmer pursuits of agriculture. He has a fine and extensive tract of land near Fairfield, in this county, where, by his industry and enterprise, he has cleared away the brush and timber and extended fresh fields and pastures into the forest, and made broader and more extensive grain fields. He has changed the former unthrift of an old French ranche, into a beautiful, attractive and profitable estate, where abundant harvests greet the eye and blooded stock graze on the rich pastures. This is the fittest life of a true nobleman. He has no care for others' strifes, nor is vexed by legal quibbles, which strain the nerves and rack the brains of those who live by espousing the quarrels of others, and leading the contentions of the forum. Of all the persons whom I know, he is among the most fortunate in his circumstances and surroundings. He is yet in

the prime of life, and we may hope to meet him at many future re-unions of this Society.

George L. Curry was a clerk of the Legislature of 1850. He was from Clackamas county, and was even then an old settler. He was a jeweler by trade, had then been an editor and published the first newspaper in Oregon, and knew well all the men of the olden time.

He was then as now, a man of energy and enterprise. He has since been Secretary of the Territory, and Governor, and contributed much to the formation of its laws and the developement and management of politics. He has of late been much engaged in politics as editor of political newspapers. He is now living in the city of Portland, and is still prominent in public affairs, and has the virtue of physical endurance and the power not to grow old in appearance.

M. P. Deady was also in the Legislature of 1850, as a member of the House from Yamhill county, a county somewhat famous in the annals of the country, as the early home and foster field of many men who have been prominent in Oregon politics. His career and history so far as it is yet accomplished, is so well known and so intimately connected with the formation of the laws and social and educational development of the country, that anything I could say on this occasion would not make him more prominent. He was afterwards a judge of the Supreme Court of the Territory, was President of the convention of delegates who framed the Constitution of Oregon, and was elected one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the State, which position he resigned on being appointed Judge of the U. S. District Court of Oregon—which office he now holds. Judge Deady has contributed more than any other man, towards shaping our statutes and developing our jurisprudence. He is still in the prime of mature manhood, and will as we may all reasonably hope, contribute much more to the legal, historical and literary advancement of the State. His history is yet to be *written*.

In the Legislature of 1850, I first saw Col. Wm. M. King, who was a member of the House from Portland, then a part of Washington county. He was even then advanced to the prime of life, and was a veteran politician, who had done service as a legislator and lobbyist before he came to Oregon, and knew well the various evolutions of Legislative tactics. He was a ready debator and could use with equal earnestness sound argument or sophistry, and could marshal the selfish desires, interests and prejudices of men with consummate skill; and, like most men who aim at carrying a point, he was not over scrupulous as to the means by which it was attained.

He was a firm and faithful friend and a bitter enemy. He had his faults

which caused him much trouble and suffering. But who has not faults. He was generous and kind, and possessed a keen, penetrating mind; and much intelligence, what would have made him a marked and prominent man in community. He died some years ago in the city of Portland, which had grown up under his eye from a small village to be a rich city, and he now rests from his exciting, turbulent labors, in an adorned and beautiful cemetery, where in 1850, the dense solemn towering pines were still singing the requiem of departed ages of solitude.

Dr. Ralph Wilcox was also a member of this Legislature from Washington county. He was then a practicing physician living at Hillsboro. He afterwards quit the practice of his profession, and was appointed Register of the Land Office at Oregon City, then County Judge of Washington county, and then Clerk of the United States Circuit and District Courts for Oregon, which office he now holds. He is possessed of fine clerical ability and is a capable and efficient officer.

H. N. V. Holmes was also in this Legislature as a member of the House from Polk county. He then was and has ever since continued to be, a farmer and trader in stock, and has a picturesque and productive farm at what is known as Holmes' Gap, a place which nature opened as a thoroughfare from the Yamhill to the LaCreole, and through which the West Side railroad is destined to pass. Mr. Holmes is a man of energy and enterprise, and for many years has been prominent in aiding the development of the agriculture of the country. He has also been prominent in politics, and several times a member of the Legislature. He is still living and in business, in the enjoyment of that abundance which has been the result of industry and thrift. He is a true gentleman, of the old Kentucky school, and may we often in the future be allowed to greet him at the reunions of this Society.

There were many other members of the Legislature of 1850 who are no less worthy of mention than those I have named, and who have borne a prominent part in the affairs of the country. As a whole, that Legislature was a body of able and patriotic men, whose favor could not be bought with money; and during all the time we were a Territory I never heard it charged that offices or legislation was procured by bribery. That despicable and criminal practice has been since imported here from our neighboring State, where inferior men have become suddenly rich by accident, and, intoxicated by temporary success, are riding the flood tide of fickle fortune whose ebb will surely land them where their mental and intellectual inferiority will certainly find an equilibrium—in disgrace and infamy. Thank God the time is passed when men can publicly boast that they have purchased public favor with money, and that golden coins can buy high position and an honorable name.

The country as we found it twenty-five years ago was new and its capacities untried. It lay before us an almost unbroken stretch of grass and forests; the level lands were one vast pasture, and the mountain regions one vast forest. We then speculated as to its value; it was then known that these open lands would produce good wheat and all the cereals, fruits and vegetables of the temperate zones, in great variety, abundance and perfection. But our markets were then limited to the mines, and we looked to California for a market for our surplus grain. This soon proved a delusion, for California soon become an exporter of wheat, and we were compelled to look to distant Europe as our market.

The actual value of this country then was but little appreciated, or its resources comprehended. One mining excitement followed another, and steady industry was for a time neglected. And that knowledge of the capacities and resources of the country which actually determines the commercial value of the land, was exceedingly imperfect. Men who settle a new country can not tell what the land will produce until they plant the seed and observe the growth and maturity of the plants. Experience alone can teach us the regularity of the seasons. In California it is said that two years in every seven are dry, and crops fail for want of rain. Our experience of a quarter of a century now teaches us that the former and latter rains have come with each returning season almost as regularly as the sun returns to the summer solstice, and brings with it warm breezes, green landscapes, fragrant flowers, and the sheen of the glad spring time. And these years have proven that the wet and the dry season, and seed time and harvest will not fail in Oregon.

A short time ago, I was at the house of an old friend and pioneer, who to-day honors us with his presence and sympathy. About his mansion I saw growing the silver beal and other exotic shade trees, which already reach the height of fifty feet. His orchards of apples, pears and plums looked as though they had stood doing service for half a century. There I saw one mammoth grape vine that had gone unpruned and allowed to take its way, luxuriant with foliage and bloom, it had clambered over arbor, porch, and on to trees fifty feet from its parent roots, and would do honor to an ancient castle on the Rhine. He told me his grain fields as yet gave no sign of exhaustion, but continued to return the same rich harvests as twenty years ago.

The Willamette Valley, now the center of Oregon in population, was famous twenty-five years ago as the best part of the country; and it has been able to maintain its credit as a good country, and is perhaps the largest continuous extent of good land in Oregon. Its climate, though mild, is not quick in stimulating the growth of vegetation; it is tempered by the cool breezes of the ocean,

and our grain and fruits require a long season to mature, but grow to great perfection. Learned geologists who have fathomed the deep mysteries of the distant periods, tell us that nature, far back in the annals of time, before the ocean beds were finally adjusted, formed the soil of this valley during periods of thousands of years while the waters of the ocean still extended over it, and that these rich prairies were then the bottom of what Prof. Condon calls the ancient Willamette Sound, whose waters stretched from Spencer Butte to beyond where the Columbia now flows, and those green hills over in Polk County were then beautiful islands standing in this grand panorama of waters. Then no ships carrying the trade of nations ruffled its placid bosom, or human voice disturbed its vast solitudes. It was then that God was forming these rich lands and preparing the earth for the advent of man.

Twenty-five years ago it was thought by many that Oregon was of too limited an extent in available lands to ever become a prominent State in the Union. And indeed to those who came here from the great valley of the Mississippi, such a suggestion was very natural. There, one vast plain, extending from the Alleghany to the Rocky Mountains, and large enough for an empire, impressed them with its magnitude.

Here is a little valley one hundred and fifty miles long by forty or fifty broad, apparently cut off from any other country. On the west, the lofty wooded hills of the Coast mountains then, as now, offered little inducement to settlement, and seemed destined to lie waste for all time to come. On the east, the Cascade mountains stretched a wall of snow and ice, where fierce winter reigns for eight months in the year, rendering them as impassable during that time as though the arch of heaven rested on their frozen heights. No wonder that men whose vision had been enlarged by the great Father of Waters and the vast countries it drains, should have thought the Willamette Valley but a small part of the great republic. But these contracted views have greatly enlarged in this quarter of a century. Whoever looks on the Columbia river when the floods of spring are on, must know that far inland on its tributaries are vast tracts of available land, for no river on the globe of its magnitude, that reaches the ocean in the temperate zone, where fertilizing rains are sure to come to fructify the land, but drains fertile provinces of vast extent. You may almost measure the agricultural and commercial resources of a country by the waters of its rivers. And now it is well proven that through the whole vast area of the Columbia country are rich tracts of good agricultural land, which only need cheap transportation to bring millions of bushels of wheat annually to the sea.

Twenty-five years ago, we knew that salmon abounded in our rivers, but we did not then know that within the period that has since elapsed, fishing for them

would be one of the prominent industries of the country, yielding millions of dollars annually.

Our early surveyors were aware that the magnetic needle was restless and uncertain whenever set in the hills west of Portland, and predicted that iron ore would be found in that vicinity. It is now known that iron of superior quality is abundant in all the hilly country west of Portland, from the Chehalem valley to St. Helens. These rich mines are already being worked and will eventually develop into a vast business that will make Oregon to the Pacific States what Pennsylvania is to the States on the Atlantic.

Every year is proving to us that in choosing this country as a home, whether it was by chance or otherwise, we were fortunate, and have now and in prospect one of the best portions of the Republic. The ocean, the highway of nations, rolls at our feet and invites our people to enter every legitimate commercial enterprise, and many there are which will bring wealth to our shores. We have abundant timber and iron for ships, and before many years they will be built here as cheap as in England or Maine, ready for an outgoing cargo of wheat. But we are to-day dwelling with the past, rather than the future.

The centennial year of the Republic is come, and more than one quarter of that century we have spent in building up Oregon; we have founded her industries and began her history, and laid the foundations of her future political and educational career. As the foundation is, so the superstructure must be; and to our wisdom are our children in a great degree to be indebted for what they will achieve; so let us build with care and caution, seeing well to the materials we use, and that our corner stones are securely laid and capable of sustaining the grand superstructure which is to rise on the foundation we have laid as pioneers.

Friends and fellow Pioneers, we have long been associated as neighbors and friends; we have together felt the privations and the joys of a pioneer life, for indeed pioneer life is not without its compensations and its joys. Twenty-five years ago every man met his neighbor as a friend and a brother; the distinctions of wealth had not then estranged us, and I trust never will. Then we saw this valley one vast pasture; now it is one vast wheat field, dotted here and there with gardens and orchards. Then everywhere the log house of the settler greeted the eye; now the glitter of bright white houses enliven and adorn the landscape. Then there were no cities or towns of importance; now cities and towns have arisen at convenient distances all over the valley, and the dashing of water wheels and the hum of machinery is grown familiar to us all in places that then were solitudes.

As time glides on and we grow old, let us not forget the olden time. Let the warm sunshine of younger days linger in our memories, when with stout hearts and hands we fenced and plowed up these virgin lands, and planted orchards and vineyards which have utilized and beautified our homes and made them a goodly heritage for our children.

Having many of us passed the meridian of our days, as we step up on the summit of life's stage and look back on the young and ardent throng who with various success are toiling up the path of life, may we be able to say that we have seen life's joys and follies in a manner to add something to our knowledge and wisdom, and that we are wiser and better for having lived in this good country for this quarter of a century; and when the time shall come for us to step forth on the frozen fields which lie in life's decline, and join the great caravan that is traveling to the mysterious realm, and come to the shore of the famed river which divides the life that now is from that which is to come, may we all with the courage and equanimity of the ancient sage, boldly step into old Charon's boat, cheered with the hope of a safe passage to a new and still better land.

THE OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

BY HON. JOHN MINTO.

Members and Friends of the Oregon Pioneer Association:

In my efforts to entertain you on this occasion, I shall omit all allusion to the history of the discovery of that portion of the Northwest coast that for many years was known as Oregon; that portion of the subject having been better set forth to you by those who have preceded me at this and former re-unions, than I could hope to set it before you. It shall be my endeavor to describe to you as well as I may, the motive, the men, the actions and experiences of the immigration of 1844.

You all know the public motive was the occupation and settlement of the country in order to make good the claims of our government to it, as against the claims of Great Britain, whose claims up to near this time may be fairly stated to be second only to those of the United States as an abstract right, and better, so far as such claims could be strengthened by organized power in occupation of the land.

Those interested in the question as to which of the nationalities had the best right, had before 1844 began to discern the fact that without actual occupation and use, the claims of neither party amounted to much, either as against each other, or as beneficial to mankind.

To plant "30,000 rifles in the valley of the Columbia," had been for many years advocated by Senator Benton of Missouri, and a few other American statesmen, as the surest ground of title.

The settlement in Oregon of a few American free trappers and sailors, and by the American missionaries, had shown the leading minds of the Hudson Bay Company the necessity of something more than an organization to collect furs and peltries, in order to secure the British title. Members of that company, as shown you by those who addressed you last year, had organized themselves

into an agricultural company, and a colony of farmers had been brought into the country north of the Columbia, from the Red River of the North. This attempt to colonize proved a failure. The cause of its failure was shortly afterward indicated in an ably written article published in a leading *North British Review* for September, 1844, wherein the writer (evidently well acquainted with his subject) earnestly called the attention of his countrymen to the imperative necessity of prompt organized efforts to colonize Oregon, and thus secure the title to the country. He claimed there was yet time, and only time, for the necessary action, as the Americans were beginning to adopt the only (to him) feasible method of coming from the Atlantic seaboard by ships. The idea prominently put forth in the paper of the impossibility of colonization by overland immigration, indicates the writer was probably a member of the Hudson Bay Company, that being a delusion under which many of that company labored. But of the class of immigrants required from Great Britain to successfully cope with the Americans, the conception was vivid and true, stated in about these words: "What is wanted to occupy Oregon is something more than the ordinary class of emigrants from Britain, men capable of self direction, for be it understood these Yankees (the citizens of the United States settling in Oregon) are different from the ordinary British colonists, who generally move in obedience to a few leading minds. All the Americans use the rifle and the axe, and all of them can calculate."

Being myself at that time but recently an emigrant from North Britain, I trust it will not seem invidious for me to say it was not then, nor do I believe it now possible to get a class of immigrants from there that would be able to cope with those that were, even while the article in question was passing through the press, making their way down the valley of the Columbia, with intent to make their homes and establish civil government around its mouth, thence to spread, as it has since done, north, south and east, until it reaches the frozen regions of the north, the arid plains of the south, and the advancing communities of the Atlantic slope meet and mingle with its returning wave from the Pacific, around the base of the Rocky mountains, and thus the whole habitable domain of the United States filled with law-restrained, orderly, industry and consequent happiness.

This difference between the two classes of colonists is shown in the different circumstances and the results of the attempts of each to colonize on Puget Sound. Under the guidance and fostering care of the Hudson Bay Company, the hardy Scotch and Canadians failed. As they were slowly abandoning the enterprise, a few citizens of the United States, against the almost hostile opposition of the Hudson Bay Company; against the earnest advice and with the express state-

ment of Dr. McLoughlin, the Chief Factor, that they (the company he represented) could give them no aid, not even employment, went there and maintained themselves, and in a few years were holding public meetings and passing resolutions calling on their government to remove the (to them) foreign element out of their way. I may here remark that it is one of the notable features of the immigration of 1844, that it furnished the nucleus of this successful settlement on Puget Sound. To Michael T. Simmons has been ascribed the honor of being the first American settler in that region, and he possessed in a high degree the *natural* qualifications for the enterprise, as previous to his immigration to Oregon he had, by literally spelling his way to the meaning of a work on mechanics succeeded in constructing himself an excellent grist mill by the rule of "cut and fit," on the waters of the *hundred and two* branch of the Missouri. This property he sold in order to make his fit-out for crossing the plains. He was, from an outside view, the leader of the Puget Sound settlement, if it could be said to have a leader. But there was another man in that little band who, I think, if all were known, would out-rank Mr. Simmons in that respect. I mean George W. Bush, a mulatto, who had been a neighbor of Simmons' in Missouri, and was his intimate friend and traveling companion from thence. A man of considerable substance, who used it at that time to help several white families to make their fit-out to come to Oregon along with him. This man Bush had, in addition to his tact for getting and holding property, a strong love of liberty, and long before he got to Oregon I learned from him personally that he would watch with care the indications of public sentiment in the new settlement of Oregon in regard to people of color, and so place himself that he could defend himself and interests against it if it proved unfriendly. That man's interests and determination, in my judgment, was the secret spring to Col. Simmons' determination to place himself outside of the Willamette Valley settlements and on the Puget Sound, so that if necessary Bush could have placed himself under the protection of British and Canadian law. It is creditable to the good sense of the first Oregon legislature that convened after the planting of the Puget Sound colony, that in spite of his color, it recognized the worth of this man Bush by exempting him from the general law against negroes and mulattos coming here. And there is no act of Col. Simmons' life does him more credit than that of asking, as a member of the legislature, that his friend and co-laborer should be so far recognized as to be permitted to live unmolested in the colony he had helped to establish. It is pleasant, now after the whirlwind of passion through which we as a people have passed, that embraced in its sweep the strong prejudice of the white against the colored race, to reflect that when this prejudice was strongest the pioneers of Oregon could rise above it and recognize that the manly qualities of activity, courage, vigilance and discretion were ele-

ments they could not afford to banish; and such, in an eminent degree, were interwoven in the character of Geo. W. Bush.

The general character of the immigration of 1844 did not differ materially from that of the preceding and subsequent years. It was composed for the most part of frontiersmen who kept in advance of the settlements, emanating from the Southern rather than the Eastern States; there were men in it from all the States East and North perhaps, and individuals from nearly all the countries of Western Europe, but the largest number traced their origin to the Scotch covenanters who had settled in Virginia, Georgia and North Carolina, bringing with them traditions of such battle fields as that of King's Mountain. As pioneers of the settlements of Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri, they now detailed these traditions around the camp fire, intermixed with stories of New Orleans and wars with the Indians. The men of these families were of such as Daniel Boone and David Crockett furnish prominent types; men who from choice would rather struggle with and overcome natural obstacles than jostle with men. Their pride, and they had pride, was to be on the western edge of the most advanced wave of frontier settlements. They, in many cases, were the sons of sons of frontiersmen for many generations back, bred and inured to the shifts, privations and dangers of frontier life. In their hands, the limited instrumentalities of the rifle, the axe, and ox goad were vastly more efficient than things of the same name in the hands of the settlers introduced from Rupert's Land, and much more so than any that immigrants fresh from Britain would be likely to yield. The women of these pioneers were such as were fitted to be the wives of such men. Though reared under the same influences and possessing less of acquired accomplishments than their fathers, husbands or brothers, if such could be, they used language and the smaller proprieties of life with more grace and tact. I can now cast my memory back to individuals amongst them like Aunt Sallie Shaw—now gone to her reward—who in times of severe trial showed forth the delicacy of true ladyhood, combined with the courage of brave manhood. There were few of these women who would have been immigrants of their own desire, but they showed a fortitude in enduring the trials and privations their devotion to their families entailed, in the highest degree commendable. Their just fears and anxieties as wives and mothers I feel incapable of describing.

Such, from my point of view, were the qualities of the immigrants of 1844. Self-reliant, determined men; devoted, loyal, bravely enduring women. Of course these noble traits were lodged in various degrees in different individuals, and as every prominent object cast some shadow, that in these men's character most prominent, was an opinion of the Indian race very different from Fenimore

Cooper's ideal. Indeed, as a rule, they were not believers in good Indians, which, considering the position of the two races towards each other upon the frontier, is no matter of wonder. The trait I now note of the immigrant of 1844, was that the fear of danger was not sufficient to conquer his love for personal freedom, to such an extent as to constrain the different companies into one organization for the purpose of their journey. They started from different points under different leaders, and never united, but, on the contrary, divided up still more as they traveled, a single man sometimes separating himself from an entire company, under the settled conviction that they were all too contrary for him to keep company with any longer.

The main companies started from three different points: One party from Independence, one from near the mouth of the Platte river, and one from Capler's Landing, 12 miles above St. Joseph, Missouri. To the last mentioned, I had attached myself. The united company comprised a train of over 80 wagons, and at an attempted military organization, Cornelius Gilliam was chosen General; M. T. Simmons, Colonel; Messrs. R. W. Morrison, Wm. Shaw and Richard Woodcock, Captains. The company of Woodcock separated themselves from the others in a few days—and the rest of the organization was badly demoralized by the shock of our attack upon the buffalo, when we came to them, "Uncle Neal" himself setting the example of losing self control, by throwing himself on the first horse of his own that he could lay his hands on, and rifle in hand, cried over his shoulder, "Tell the boys to camp when there is wood and water;" away he went after the moving mass of fat beef, leading the onslaught of all such as could mount and follow, leaving the "boys," that is such as were in charge of the teams and cattle, in a very unenviable plight, for they all felt a God-given right to be in that first buffalo hunt. The result was, discontent and insubordination of those who were not in the hunt. The next day speeches were made, and rules for hunting prescribed—rules utterly disregarded the next day, and from that time forth such generalship as we had, was exercised by the combined minds of Captains Morrison and Shaw. General Gilliam was a man generous and brave, in the full meaning of those words among western men, but had not, I think, the measure of discretion that would enable him to control all the elements of his company, and it is doubtful if any other man had. The men who traveled with him yielded only to circumstances, and it required strong circumstances to control them. Mr. Gilliam had served one term in the Legislature of Missouri, and as a captain of volunteers in the Seminole war, had made a good record; Captain Shaw was also in the Florida war, and had been a soldier of 1812, under Jackson. Both of them and Captain Morrison placed themselves under the orders of Gov. Abernethy during the war arising out of the Whitman massacre. The two former were actively engaged

in the field, whence returning, Gilliam lost his life by the accidental discharge of a gun. Captain Morrison was placed in command of Fort Wascopum, at the Dalles, then as now, deemed the most important military point of the interior Columbia valley.

Col. Nathaniel Ford, chosen Captain of the company that started from Independence, was a man of consideration and influence after his arrival here, and served one term in the Legislature. Major Thorp led the company which gathered near the mouth of the Platte, and came up the north side of that stream.

Owing to the fact of the various companies starting from these different points and keeping separate, the difficulty of making up a perfect roll of the names is enhanced. The one I am about to call has been formed by Joseph Watt, assisted by your Secretary, Willard H. Rees, and Wm. M. Case. This roll as so furnished, contains the following names :

THE ROLL OF 1844.

Alanson Hinman, .	Elisha McDaniel,	Samuel Goff,
*Geo. Waunch,	Fleming Hill,	Marion Goff,
Jackson Shelton,	Geo. Neal,	— Clemens,
Wm. Sebring,	Attey Neal,	*Mrs. McDaniel,
Wm. Morgan,	Calvin Neal,	— McMahan,
Sebrin Thornton,	Robert Neal,	*— Alderman,
*Theophilus McGruder,	Alex Neal,	*Geo. W. Bush,
Ed. McGruder,	Peter Neal,	*David Kindred,
— Blakely,	Geo. Nelson,	Bart. Kindred,
— Dougherty,	Cyrus Nelson,	*John Kindred,
I. N. Gilbert,	*Joel Perkins, Sen.,	*James McAllister,
David Crawford,	John Perkins,	R. W. Morrison,
Daniel Clark,	James Johnson,	James Welsh,
John Minto,	Daniel Johnson,	Jacob Hoover,
T. S. Hedges,	Joel Perkins, Jr.,	Michael Moor,
— Springer,	*Nehemiah Martin,	J. S. Smith,
— Williams,	*Nathaniel Ford,	Charles Smith,
Jacob Hutton,	C. Emery,	*David Parker,
Harrison Wright,	*David Goff,	*John Jackson,
Richard Woodcock,	Samuel McSwain,	*Peter Smith,
*John Fleming,	*J. C. Hawley,	*James Cave,
Joshua McDaniel,	*Mark Ford,	O. S. Thomas,

*Deceased.

THE ROLL OF 1844.—Continued.

J. Roland,
 *Henry Saffron,
 *Barton Lee,
 — Priest,
 T. Holt,
 *James Marshall,
 *Big Sis,
 James Harper,
 James Fruit,
 "Doc" Fruit,
 *Thomas Boggs,
 Mountain Robinson,
 *Fatty Robinson,
 Ben Robinson,
 Joel Crisman,
 Gabriel Crisman,
 Wm. Crisman,
 *Lafe Moreland,
 *Ruel Owless,
 Wm. Smith,
 *Joseph Parrot,
 David Grant,
 John Nichols,
 Frank Nichols,
 *Benjamin Nichols,
 Mitchell Gilliam,
 Neil Gilliam,
 Smith Gilliam,
 Wm. Gage,
 Jesse Gage,
 *Wm. Bowman, Sen.,
 Wm. Bowman, Jr.,
 Ira Bowman,
 John Thorp,
 Alvin Thorp,
 Theodore Thorp,
 Wm. Johnson,
 *Aaron Chamberlain,
 *Moses Edes,
 *John Inyard,

Abe Inyard,
 Peter Inyard,
 John Lousenaut,
 E. E. Parrish,
 Gabriel Parrish,
 James Stewart,
 C. Everman,
 *Noyes Smith,
 W. H. Goodwin,
 Westly Mulky,
 John Eades,
 William Gilliam,
 Porter Gilliam,
 — Gillespie,
 Abr. Eades,
 Henry Eades,
 Clark Eades,
 *Solomon Eades,
 Elijah Bunton,
 Joseph Bunton,
 Wm. Bunton,
 Jos. Holman,
 Patrick Conner,
 Henry Owens,
 James Owens,
 John Owens,
 Wm. Saunders,
 S. Packwood,
 T. Paekwood,
 *James Walker, Sen.,
 James Walker, Jr.,
 Robert Walker,
 *Samuel B. Crockett,
 *R. K. Payne,
 Luke Mulkey,
 Cooper Y. True,
 — Murray,
 — Mudgett,
 *James Gavish,
 John Gavish,

James Davenport,
 Joshua "Sheep" Shaw,
 A. R. C. Shaw,
 Wash. Shaw,
 Thomas Shaw,
 B. F. Shaw,
 Capt. William Shaw,
 David Jenkins,
 Charles Buich,
 Martin Gillahan,
 Wm. Gillahan,
 *Capt. C. Bennett,
 James Stephens,
 Parton Rice,
 Mac Rice,
 Wm. Jenkins,
 Charles Lewis,
 Henry Jenkins,
 Robert Eddy,
 Texas Smith,
 James Hunt,
 Henry Williamson,
 Willard H. Rees,
 Joseph Watt,
 *James Johnson,
 Old Man Rice,
 * — Sager, died on the
 way, at Green river.
 — Warmbough,
 Norris Humphrey,
 Charles Saxton,
 Mortimer Thorp,
 Milton Thorp,
 Benjamin Tucker,
 David Johnson,
 Wm. M. Case,
 Daniel Kinmey,
 Thomas Vance, died on
 the Platte.
 Jacob Hammer,

*Deceased.

THE ROLL OF 1844.—Concluded.

Wm. Clemens,	Chas. Gilmore,	Scott, } Colored men
Francis Bordran,	Poe Williams,	Robbin } with Col. Ford,
Joseph Bartrough,	Thos. Werner,	Mrs. W. M. Case fur-
Herman Higgins,	Edward Dupuis,	nished the following list
Wm. Higgins,	Eaben Pettie,	of ladies who came in
Wm. Bray,	Amab Pettie,	Major Thorp's Co.:
Wm. Prater,	Peter Bonnin.	Mrs. D. Johnson,
Theodore Prater,	The following turned	Mrs. Joshua Shaw,
John Owens,	off and went to Califor-	Mrs. Jacob Hammer,
— Ramsey,	nia :	Mrs. Herman Higgins,
Vincent Snelling,	— Jackson,	Mrs. Vincent Snelling,
Benjamin Snelling,	— Stephens,	Mrs. Wm. M. Case,
Long Tucker,	Murphy and four sons,	Mrs. Benjamin Tucker,
Daniel Durbin,	Martin and John,	Miss Amanda Thorp,
Jenny Fuller,	Dennis Martin,	Miss Eliza Snelling,
— Ramsdell,	John Sullivan & brother,	Eliza, a mulatto girl,
Dennis Clark,	Dr. Townsend,	Aunt Hannah, a negress,
Geo. Hibler,	James Montgomery,	Horace Holden and May
Lewis Crawford,	John Greenwood,	his wife, arrived in
Nathan Bayard,	— Greenwood,	April of this year from
John Ellick,	Britain Greenwood,	the Sandwich Islands.
Adam Brown,		

The total number of young and old is supposed to be about 800 persons of both sexes.

Of heads of families and youth able to bear arms, the number was 235, of which two died on the way and 17 turned off and went to California, leaving 216, who arrived in Oregon. Of this number I can now think of nine who were subsequently called to serve the State as legislators: They were Capt. Wm. Shaw (twice), B. W. Morrison, Willard H. Rees, Nathaniel Ford, M. T. Simmons, (B. F. Shaw in W. T. Legislature), Cyrus Nelson, John Minto, and J. S. Smith as M. C. All these, unless Col. Ford be excepted, were what is termed "self made men," men but little indebted to schools for their acquirements. In fact, that is characteristic of most pioneers—so that when we observe so large a proportion of them still standing in the front ranks of those who influence public affairs and business, while men of trained faculties have become so numerous, we find reason for the belief that first men will be first men, and pioneers are God-made.

These are the immigrants of 1844, who, together with those who preceded or came after them within a few years, attained their public object, and secured

to the people of the United States the vast domain then known as Oregon. They were all pioneers in a general sense. I trust it will not be considered invidious to mention a few who were pioneers in a particular sense: As Simmons and Bush, the first colonists on Puget Sound, and pioneers there in the lumber trade; John Fleming, the printer of the first newspaper published in Oregon; James Marshall, the first discoverer of gold in California—which discovery soon reached Oregon; Joshua Shaw, who brought the first sheep across the plains; Joseph Watt, who beamed the pioneer in the improvement of sheep for wool growing purposes in a few years subsequent, and was the originator of the project for building the first woolen factory on this coast, and was the first to send a cargo of wheat around Cape Horn.

To do these things, they crossed an unsettled country covering 28 degrees of longitude, every part of the way liable to attacks from savage foes; the whole route of meandering travel of 2,000 miles, opposed by every natural obstacle nature places in the way of man, three thousand three hundred (3,300) miles from their seat of government, with the administration of that government rather opposed to their object than otherwise, leaving behind them a fruitful soil, the ownership of which was easily attained, and homes in which, as Col. Nesmith, at your last reunion, very truthfully said: "No monarchical or arbitrary government oppressed them; no religious zealots persecuted them. They fled from no such evils as brought either the pilgrims or cavaliers to the new world; nor was their avarice tempted by the inducements which sent Cortez and his companions to Mexico, or Pizarro to Peru—for the existence of precious metals in this region was then unknown." They, as their own priests and their own kings, moved in the freedom of American citizenship—after calculating the journey, they came conquering and to conquer

Your other eminent speaker of last year (Judge Deady) said the parallel to this journey is the famous retreat of the ten thousand; but the cases were not similar. The ten thousand Greek soldiers were as well disciplined as they were brave, and the retreat is handed down to us as an illustration of that discipline rather than the bravery of the Greeks. As a feat of war, the retreat of Xenophon was out-done by the march through Mexico of Doniphan, at the head of a body of Missouri volunteers, com-patriots of the men who performed this journey to Oregon, some of whom made the journey afterwards, and are here to day as Oregon pioneers; Col. John F. Miller, of Salem, and Andrew Carter, of Coos Bay, were of the number.

The journey of the Israelites from Egypt to Canaan, offers a closer parallel, they being encumbered with their families; but there the distance traveled was hundreds of miles where this was thousands, and they moved in a body of near

3,000,000 as compact as such a multitude could move, guarded in front, flanks, and rear by an organized army of over 600,000 men, taking 40 years to move over one-tenth the distance of your journey. The nearest parallel that I can find is in the movement of the people during the period of the great emigration from the north to the south of Europe, when the various German tribes were all moving in one general direction, tribe pressing tribe, in search of *land whereon to feed their increasing numbers*, with such violence that the two comparatively weak tribes of Angles and Saxons confederated, that by uniting their strength they might maintain themselves in their chosen locality in central Germany. whence part of them migrated to Britain 600 years later, gave part of the country one of their tribal names of Angle-land (England), whence part of the same people migrated to the east side of the American continent in the beginning of the 17th century, and their descendants are now here celebrating their occupation of the west side of the continent between the years 1840 and 1853.

If we may credit the German historian, Kohlrass, who claims to follow Tacitus, the manner of the travel of these emigrants of 2000 years ago must have been similar to that we adopted—in wagons drawn by oxen so leisurely that these women wove their clothing as they went, much as we have seen women knitting as they crossed the plains. The men placed themselves under military captains of their own election, and their civil judges distinct from their military leaders, were chosen in the same way—that also was our method. A description of one these German emigrants at the time the Cimbri threatened Rome is given. “A stoutly built man with fair hair and florid face, dressed uncouthly, armed with a rude strong sword or lance and shield, so reckless of danger that he would place his shield under him, slide down the declivities of the Apennines, and at the foot rise to his feet ready for battle with the Romans.” With a little change, and allowing for hyperbole, the description might apply to an immigrant of 1844, given the rifle instead of the sword, and having no shield, he did not slide down the declivities of the Cascades upon one, but he shot down the lower Cascade rapids in a canoe. Arrived at Fort Vancouver, where he saw the first ship he remembered to have seen. He went on board and examined the strange construction, and without thinking he might be intruding, he soon found himself face to face with the Captain in his cabin, who being busy with his log or his ship’s accounts, looked up in surprise at the intruder, and addressed him in words to this effect: “Young man, who are you and what do you want here?” The man answered, “Sir, I am an immigrant just come down the river. I do not wish to intrude, but I wanted to see the ship, as I never saw one before to recollect.” The Captain examined his strange visitor a few moments in silence, and said: “Where

do you come from, and why do you come here?" He was answered, "*We've come from Missouri across the Rocky Mountains—we've come to settle in Oregon and rule this country.*" The Captain took another silent stare at the man, and then replied: "Well, young man, I have sailed into every quarter of this globe, and seen most of the people on it, but a more uncouth, at the same time a bolder set of men than you Americans, I never saw before." * This conversation I received a few days after it occurred, from my traveling comrade. We had parted at the Dalles, he to come down the river in company with Gen. McCarver, I to bring our horses across the mountains via the Indian trail on the north side of Mt. Hood, and to meet him at McCarver's farm, where we did meet Oct. 20th. Recanting to each other the incidents of our several trips, he repeated to me his interview with the ship Captain. I do not think he himself fully appreciated the words he used at the time, and they only struck me as a very brief statement of the object of our journey, but I have often reflected upon them since.

As he stood in that ship's cabin and answered the curt question of conscious power, in words that might have well become a soldier of Sparta or of Rome, asserting the sovereignty of American citizenship over the soil he had as yet scarcely touched—he showed himself a soldier, not of the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks, but of the advance of the 30,000 free Americans following in his foot-steps, now fast swelling to 300,000, *soon to be 3,000,000, and before the next centennial year to number 30,000,000* of people who will inhabit the land redeemed from the wilderness by the pioneers of Oregon, of whom he was—is yet—a representative man.

And as I in fancy contemplate him standing there in the simple dignity of American citizenship, I think I see more than national interests around and behind him. The interests of the homeless and landless of the race, as opposed to and by the interests of the Hudson Bay Company, which would have continued this delightful country a breeding ground for the beaver and the otter. For, in the footsteps of the American citizen, follow tens of thousands from the various nations of Western Europe, seeking lands and homes for themselves and offspring, not by making war upon each other in tribal strife, as in the past, but working together in the patient labors of fellow-citizenship that tends to establish "peace upon earth and good will to men"—hastening the day when "Man to man, the world o'er, shall brothers be, and a' that."

And now, Brother and Sister Pioneers, after our exertions have been crowned with such glorious results, can we not afford to let the remark of the worthy British Captain upon our "uncouth" appearance pass for all it was worth? For,

"What though on homely fare we" dined
 Wore "hoddin grey and a' that,
 Gi'e fools their silks and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that."

Yes! "For a' that and a' that,
 And twice as muckle as a' that,
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the man for a' that."

The spring of 1844 might well be called a wet season, for during the first two months after leaving the Missouri river there were only eight days on which it did not rain. Of course the margins of all the streams were marshy, and sometimes our wagons cut through the sod and sank to the axle on the highest land we could find. Nearly every stream larger than a brook we had either to bridge or swim and ferry until we reached the Platte. To ferry the wagons over, two large trees were cut and hollowed out with axes in the shape of rude canoes, and secured together the right distance apart, the wagon was run into the canoes so that different sides of the wagon occupied separate canoes; this was found to be a more expeditious mode than to depend on tight wagon beds as boats. While the wagons, chattels and families, were crossed in this manner, the teams and loose stock were made to swim; generally by selecting a point on the bank we were leaving that projected towards the one we desired to attain. A few of the most experienced oxen were then forced in, and then a young man jumped in with each one of the first five or six oxen to guide them to the best part of the bank to get out at, the landing being the important matter. The man usually placed himself on the lower side of the animal and placed his right hand on the neck or withers, and swam with his left, unless it happened (which was rare) that the brute inclined to go too much up stream. This portion of the labor fell to the "boys," all the unmarried men being in that rank. I was one of them at that time, and I can tell my young friends here it was rare good fun, not always free from danger, which with boys gives a zest to fun. If we consider that in all probability the danger of the enterprise of crossing the plains at that day formed a strong, though perhaps an undefined reason why many of the heads of families were engaged in the journey, it will not be wondered at that their sons loved the excitement of a little danger. I once was placed near two young men during exercises one Sunday, when the late Rev. E. E. Parrish prayed God "to remove the wild beasts and savage men from our pathway;" one of the boys whispered to his comrade, he "hoped God would not hear all that prayer," for he was "bound to kill a buffalo, and he would like to see a grizzly bear."

These religious exercises were had on a day when, after many wet days, we stopped so that the clothing could be placed in the sun to dry. We were yet not over 60 miles from the Missouri river, and from this point one man went back discouraged with the rate of our journey. Yet after he left we were detained 16 days on the east bank of Vermillion creek, on 14 of which, the rain came down so that on the 3d day we were forced to move the camp to the foothills, the bottom lands being all overflowed. With such stoppages it was the 4th of July, and we were yet on the west fork of Blue river some days' journey east of the Platte. The day was a bright one, and consequently another *drying day* for the women. The men spending it in hunting, doing any little necessary job of rearranging things, or chatting around the camp fires about Oregon. In a conversation on that subject, I happened to express the opinion that there would be no money, and we would have no use for money, when we got there, Oregon having, as I thought, no commerce with the rest of the world. Mike Simmons and Gabriel Jones both protested against that view. Uncle Gabriel said: "No money there? why man alive, John! money grows out there!" And Mike added with a smile of superior intelligence: "Yes, and feather beds grow upon the bushes." I doubt whether Mr. Jones could spell his own name, but his faith in Oregon wealth seems almost intuition when we reflect that one of our traveling companions—James Marshall—should, a short time afterwards, find the shining metal in Sutter's mill race, "like pebbles in the brook," for plenteousness, causing further search and discovery, which proved Jones' faith, preceded a development of mineral and other natural wealth that has influenced business and social life over a large portion of the civilized world.

From this west fork of Blue river, the trains proceeded without hindrance of water-courses or rain until they reached the Dalles of the Columbia, where the wagons were left, and an attempt was made to drive the cattle across the mountains to the Willamette Valley via a trail passing north of Mount Hood. If any succeeded, I am not informed of it. The attempt was made by Capt. Morrison in behalf of his own and Capt. Shaw's trains; but the rain had set in on the 18th of October, and came down so constantly and copiously that by the 3d of November, the Willamette river was higher than it has been since except in the winter of 1861-'62. These rains in the valleys represented snowstorms whirling around the base of Mount Hood, and great suffering was endured both by the poor, toil worn cattle and their drivers; some of the stock perished, some had to be killed to save the party from perishing, but most of them were got back to the Dalles, where they were kept until spring and driven down the Columbia river valley trail, crossing to the north side by swimming a little below the mouth of Hood river and back to the south bank below the mouth of Sandy. The families and wagons were brought down the Columbia

by boats loaned by the Hudson Bay Company, by their then chief factor, Dr. John McLoughlin. Daniel Clark, S. B. Crocket and myself, had left our trains at Fort Howard and made our way down the valley of the Columbia, and while working for a little means to return with, applied to Dr. McLoughlin for the use of a batteau of the H. B. Co.'s with which to go up and assist our friends down the river. This we received from the good man. He also caused our orders we had on the Company for the little supplies our earnings in the settlement would command, to be respected, more for the sake of the object of our enterprise than from any obligation to fill them. Indeed, he set aside their rules of trade to do so, and I noticed a difference between his manner and that of Mr. James Douglass, in their intercourse with us. Mr. Douglass was an urbane, civil and gentlemanly man in his dealings with us; but honest to himself and his sovereign—he could not disguise his chagrin at each addition to the number of American settlers, and if ever man, by loyalty to his sovereign's interests, earned honors, James Douglass deserved his knighthood. But John McLoughlin "held the patent for his honors immediately from Almighty God." He filled our orders—wished us success in our enterprise, and said of his own volition, that a messenger would leave that evening with the last dispatches to a vessel about to sail out of the Columbia river, which afforded us, if we would like to take it, an opportunity to write to our friends in the East, we might not get again for six months. We thanked him, but said we could not, for we had no writing material with us. He immediately ordered us furnished with everything necessary. After writing, we proceeded up the river and found the families in scattered bands making their way down as best they could—some in canoes, some on rafts, and most by batteau, suffering wet, cold and hunger, to an extent pitiable to see. I found the mother of the family with whom I had left Missouri at the Cascade falls. She had traded the best dress she had the evening before to an Indian for about a peck of potatoes; these were now eaten by her family and famishing neighbors. Her husband, Capt. R. W. Morrison, was in the Cascades with the snow bound cattle, so near famished that some who were in the same situation had eaten their only dog. My portion of our purchase at Vancouver was immediately handed over to Mrs. Morrison's care, and it soon was in use, making glad the faces of other families besides her own. It being deemed best, we took our boat above the Cascades and plied it till the last of our immigration that desired to come, were down.

I cannot well leave this part of my subject without an attempt to describe an incident to which I feel myself altogether unable to do justice to, yet in casting my memory back to scenes of danger, both by field and flood, I select this one as best worthy of introduction here. Most of you have heard of Cape Horn on the Columbia river, and many of you passed it. In the

last boat load I have mentioned, a batteau capable of carrying three tons; the crew, instead of the six Canadian voyagers the H. B. Co. usually had to man her, was Samuel B. Crocket, Daniel Clark and myself—Mr. Clark at the helm. There were the running gears of a number of wagons in the boat, and on top of these about 16 persons. We were just entering the gorge of Cape Horn at the east end and close to the Oregon shore, when we saw a storm of wind and cloud coming into it from the west. The wind was so strong that it literally lifted the water from the river and took it upward as spray, and still upward as dense fog cloud. In front of this mass of fog and spray, five or six bald eagles circled, whirled and dove seemingly in fierce delight—now high in the air, even above the cloud, and anon swift as an arrow down to the white surface of the river. I had read of the swiftness of the eagle's flight, but never saw before, and never have since, such proofs of it. With that and the sight of the approaching storm, I was fascinated so as to temporarily forget the swift approaching danger, but that soon became the engrossing subject. There were but three of us to man the top-heavy, three-ton batteau; we having left the two Indians who had assisted us, while we plied between the Cascade falls and the Dalles, at their homes at that place. Mr. Crocket proposed we land as soon as possible on a little sand spot on the south side, which we were then very near; to this Clark, who had the steering oar, and consequently, control of the boat, objected, he being determined the boat should go to the north side of the river; over this the three of us wrangled and might have got to blows if we had had either time or room to move, but we had not, for our top-heavy load of people left no space for by-play, and the storm was so near by this time that the preceding swell began to rock the boat. She had to have motion or she would surely go down before the onset of the storm. We bent to our oars with all our strength, just in time to avoid that result, though she shipped considerable water. We were now enveloped in the spray, it shutting us from the sight of some Indians in a canoe that were preceding us and hugging the (now) Oregon shore. These went on their way and carried the news to our friends, who were camped at Linton, a canvas town on the west bank of the Willamette six miles below where Portland now is, that we were all certainly drowned as they had seen us go down in the "skookum chuck" (strong water), and so no doubt it appeared to them. But the first shock of the storm proved the worst, and we managed to reach the north bank of the river and landed, where if we should be weather bound by water we could proceed to Vancouver by the trail.

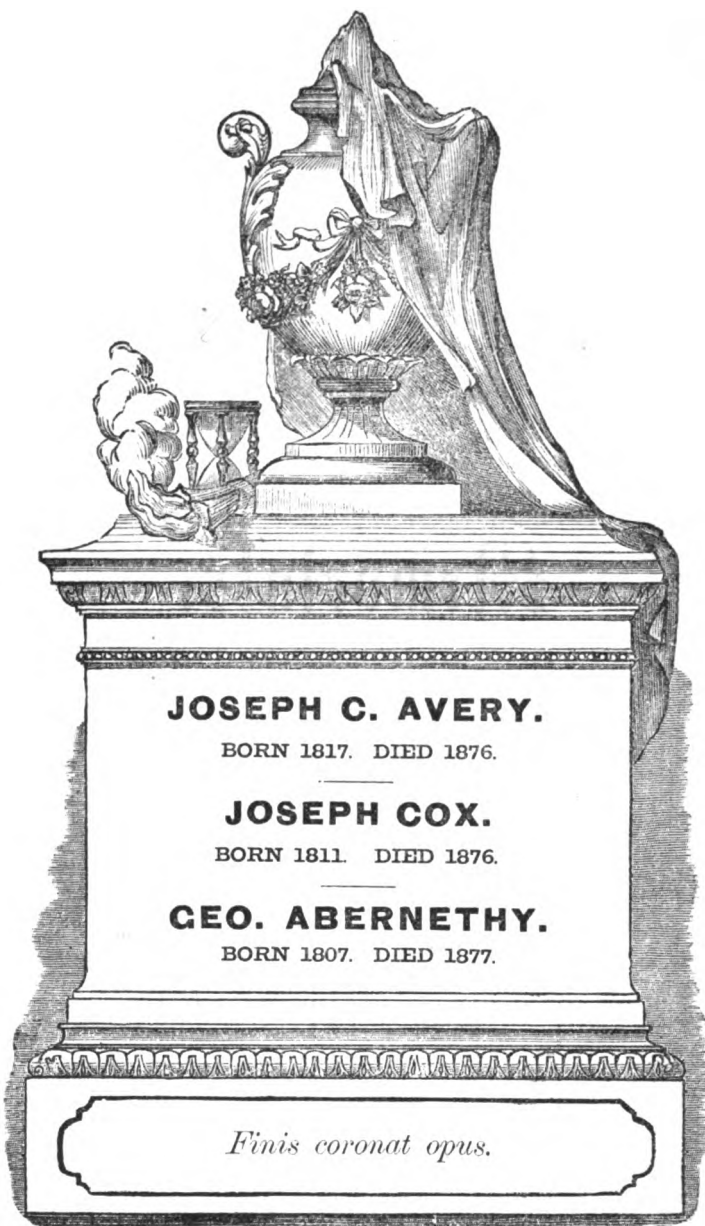
This incident furnished a strong proof of the courage and self-control of the pioneer matron. There was with us a Mrs. McAllister, with a family of five small children. This lady sat perfectly mute during the fearful onset of the

storm—she said no word to indicate that she felt apprehension during the time we plowed through the troubled waters the strong wind raised around us; but as she placed her children safely on the land, she turned her face blanched with the intensity of her emotion, to Clark, and said, "Dan. Clark, I have been your good friend (he had come a portion of the way as a member of her family), but you have just jeopardized the lives of my children without reason, and I can never feel friendly to you again."

We struck camp and started a fire from the damp drift and dead wood within reach, cooked and ate supper, lay down with the lowering dark sky for a curtain, and waked up next morning with a cover of soft, damp snow upon our blankets. Up and out amongst it, some of us bare-footed, got together enough dead wood to cook a hasty breakfast similar to our supper, and pushed off our boat. This was the 29th of December, and on the 31st we arrived at the camps at Linton.

We had left the Missouri river the last of April, and the Agency of the Iowa Indians on the 15th of May. Some of the families were eight months living in tents before, and endured the latter rains of an exceedingly wet summer in the Missouri valley and the early rains of an Oregon winter, yet the general health of the people was good.

Memorials.



THE OCCASIONAL POEM.

BY E. EBERHARD.

The following poem was read by the author at the conclusion of the Annual Address, by Hon. R. P. Boise, and was well received. Mr. Eberhard is a young man of acknowledged poetical genius:

PROLOGUE.

We stand on the verge of a century's grave,
And gaze at the temple of fame;
A monument grand, 'tis the gift of the brave—
Erected in Liberty's name.

We stand in amazement, and call back the train
Of years that have glided away;
When clouds of oppression o'er-spread the domain,
And hope, had nigh vanished away.

We see in the front, the proud Briton invade—
The savage beseiging the rear,
The cities and hamlets in ruins are laid,
The screams of the fleeing we hear.

The dark wreaths of smoke slowly curling on high,
Are drifting—fast drifting away—
The bright sun of *Justice* now shines in the sky,
And Liberty glows in its ray.

The column oppression had reared to decay,
Has fallen a century ago;
And over its ruins, environed to-day,
The flowers of harmony grow.

'Tis morn in the land, and the nations of earth
Are grasping Columbia's hand,
And rejoice on the day of America's birth,
That took 'mong the nations, her stand.

OREGON.

Why should I sing of foreign lands
Beyond the bitter moon-mad brine?
While richer theme by far, commands
This happy, fertile shore of mine.

What tho' they boast of Pyramids
By slaves erected, vast, sublime,
Huge, gaudy structures, that have hid
'Neath wonder's garb, vast seas of crime.

Of a Collesium, crumbling fast
Before time's great erosive shrine;
A relic of bright ages past,
Of vanished glory but a sign.

What, tho' they boast of long ago,
Of men of valor and renown;
How Sparta met her haughty foe
And slew a myriad Persians down.

Or great deeds heroes have done
On other bloody ghastly fields;
And of their thousand victories won
While others were compelled to yield.

Of heritage we boast more grand;
Of happy homes, of freedom's tree,
Of peace and plenty—fertile land,
A people generous, brave and free.

We boast of land by blood unstained,
We boast of liberty and peace,
For dearer boons than e'er were gained
By Egypt, Rome or sunny Greece.

Of wide-spread fertile harvest fields,
Where wave the bounteous grains of gold,
Which to INDUSTRY'S hand will yield
A rich reward, "an hundred fold."

We boast of Pioneers who crossed
The rugged mountain—sultry plain;
And on this bright Pacific coast
To Freedom gave a new domain.

While others strove in distant lands
Thro' blood, to gain an envied crown;
Our soldiers marched with ax in hand
And hewed the giant forests down.

With trusty plow and honest spade,
They turned the grassy, stubborn sod;
That had for ages dormant laid,
By naught but beast and savage trod.

With hearts united, quickly tore
Away that rayless ebon cloud,
That veiled so long this western shore,
Of which to-day, thank God, we're proud.

The praises of the sunny South
Let others tune their harps and sing;
New England's praise with open mouth
Let others shout, till woodlands ring.

Of Oregon, we'll sing the praise,
Columbia's bright hesperian star;
Kissed by the sun's last lingering rays,
We'll sound her praises, near and far.

We'll sing of rivers deep and wide,
Of snow-capped mountains—grassy plains,
Of scenes romantic, not out vied
By any State in Union's chain.

O Oregon! my State—my Land!
Long hast thy lyre laid unstrung;
But thanks to God, thou'lt henceforth stand
Columbia's brightest stars among.

A hundred nation's here go forth
To sow and gather in the grain,
From out the North—from out the South,
All scattered over hill and plain.

Thy loyalty, we proudly claim
By any State is not surpassed;
Contention, never soiled her fame
Or blew here e're her deadly blast.

Thy soil by slaves was never trod—
Here "Blue Laws" never found a home;
Here royal feet ne'er stained the sod,
Here treason never dared to come.

When war's dark clouds began to rain
On sunny South their sanguine flood,
The tempest came not here, to stain
Thy soil with fratricidal blood.

Then roll thou broad Willamette on,
Gaze on Mt. Hood, serenely, long;
March on thy lovely Oregon,
And I'll record thy deeds in song.

A DAY WITH THE COW COLUMN IN 1843.

BY HON. JESSE APPLGATE.

The Hon. Jesse Applegate, a pioneer in the immigration of 1843, and ever since a distinguished citizen of Oregon, not being able to be present as was expected, Judge Deady read for him the following article, entitled "A Day with the Cow Column in 1843," as his contribution to the proceedings of the day and the preservation of the memory of the trials and incidents of the journey across the plains to Oregon:

The migration of a large body of men, women and children across the Continent to Oregon was, in the year 1843, strictly an experiment not only in respect to the numbers, but to the outfit of the migrating party.

Before that date, two or three missionaries had performed the journey on horseback, driving a few cows with them. Three or four wagons drawn by oxen had reached Fort Hall, on Snake river, but it was the honest opinion of the most of those who had traveled the route down Snake river, that no large number of cattle could be subsisted on its scanty pasturage, or wagons taken over a route so rugged and mountainous.

The emigrants were also assured that the Sioux would be much opposed to the passage of so large a body through their country, and would probably resist it on account of the emigrants destroying and frightening away the buffaloes, which were then diminishing in numbers.

The migrating body numbered over one thousand souls, with about one hundred and twenty wagons, drawn by six ox teams, averaging about six yokes to the team, and several thousand loose horses and cattle.

The emigrants first organized and attempted to travel in one body, but it was soon found that no progress could be made with a body so cumbrous, and as

yet so averse to all discipline. And at the crossing of the "Big Blue," it divided into two columns, which traveled in supporting distance of each other as far as Independence Rock, on the Sweet Water.

From this point, all danger from Indians being over, the emigrants separated into small parties better suited to the narrow mountain paths and small pastures in their front.

Before the division on the Blue river, there was some just cause for discontent in respect to loose cattle. Some of the emigrants had only their teams, while others had large herds in addition which must share the pastures and be guarded and driven by the whole body.

This discontent had its effect in the division on the Blue, those not encumbered with or having but few loose cattle attached themselves to the light column, those having more than four or five cows had of necessity to join the heavy or cow column. Hence the cow column, being much larger than the other and encumbered with its large herds, had to use greater exertion and observe a more rigid discipline to keep pace with the more agile consort.

It is with the cow or more clumsy column that I propose to journey with the reader for a single day.

It is four o'clock, A. M.; the sentinels on duty have discharged their rifles—the signal that the hours of sleep are over; and every wagon and tent is pouring forth its night tenants, and slow-kindling smokes begin largely to rise and float away on the morning air. Sixty men start from the corral, spreading as they make through the vast herd of cattle and horses that form a semi-circle around the encampment, the most distant perhaps two miles away.

The herders pass to the extreme verge and carefully examine for trails beyond, to see that none of the animals have strayed or been stolen during the night. This morning no trails lead beyond the outside animals in sight, and by five o'clock the herders begin to contract the great moving circle, and the well-trained animals move slowly towards camp, clipping here and there a thistle or tempting bunch of grass on the way. In about an hour, five thousand animals are close up to the encampment, and the teamsters are busy selecting their teams and driving them inside the "corral" to be yoked. The corral is a circle one hundred yards deep, formed with wagons connected strongly with each other; the wagon in the rear being connected with the wagon in front by its tongue and ox chains. It is a strong barrier that the most vicious ox cannot break, and in case of an attack of the Sioux would be no contemptible entrenchment.

From six to seven o'clock is a busy time; breakfast is to be eaten, the tents struck, the wagons loaded, and the teams yoked and brought up in readiness to

be attached to their respective wagons. All know when, at seven o'clock, the signal to march sounds, that those not ready to take their proper places in the line of march must fall into the dusty rear for the day.

There are sixty wagons. They have been divided into fifteen divisions or platoons of four wagons each, and each platoon is entitled to lead in its turn. The leading platoon of to-day will be the rear one of to-morrow, and will bring up the rear unless some teamster, through indolence or negligence, has lost his place in the line, and is condemned to that uncomfortable post. It is within ten minutes of seven; the corral but now a strong barricade is everywhere broken, the teams being attached to the wagons. The woman and children have taken their places in them. The pilot (a borderer who has passed his life on the verge of civilization, and has been chosen to the post of leader from his knowledge of the savage and his experience in travel through roadless wastes) stands ready in the midst of his pioneers, and aids to mount and lead the way. Ten or fifteen young men, not to-day on duty, form another cluster. They are ready to start on a buffalo hunt, are well mounted and well armed as they need be, for the unfriendly Sioux have driven the buffalo out of the Platte, and the hunters must ride fifteen or twenty miles to reach them. The cow-drivers are hastening, as they get ready, to the rear of their charge, to collect and prepare them for the day's march.

It is on the stroke of seven; the rushing to and fro, the cracking of whips, the loud command to oxen, and what seemed to be the inextricable confusion of the last ten minutes has ceased. Fortunately every one has been found and every teamster is at his post. The clear notes of a trumpet sound in the front; the pilot and his guards mount their horses; the leading division of wagons move out of the encampment, and take up the line of march; the rest fall into their places with the precision of clockwork, until the spot so lately full of life sinks back into that solitude that seems to reign over the broad plain and rushing river as the caravan draws its lazy length towards the distant El Dorado. It is with the hunters we will briskly canter towards the bold but smooth and grassy bluffs that bound the broad valley, for we are not yet in sight of the grander but less beautiful scenery (of the Chimney Rock, Court House, and other bluffs, so nearly resembling giant castles and palaces) made by the passage of the Platte through the Highlands near Laramie. We have been traveling briskly for more than an hour. We have reached the top of the bluff, and now have turned to view the wonderful panorama spread before us. To those who have not been on the Platte my powers of description are wholly inadequate to convey an idea of the vast extent and grandeur of the picture, and the rare beauty and distinctness of its detail. No haze or fog obscures objects in the pure and transparent at-

mosphere of this lofty region. To those accustomed only to the murky air of the sea-board, no correct judgment of distance can be formed by sight, and objects which they think they can reach in a two hours' walk may be a day's travel away; and though the evening air is a better conductor of sound, on the high plain during the day the report of the loudest rifle sounds little louder than the bursting of a cap; and while the report can be heard but a few hundred yards, the smoke of the discharge may be seen for miles. So extended is the view from the bluff on which the hunters stand, that the broad river glowing under the morning sun like a sheet of silver, and the broader emerald valley that borders it, stretch away in the distance until they narrow at almost two points in the horizon, and when first seen, the vast pile of the Wind river mountain, though hundreds of miles away, looks clear and distinct as a white cottage on the plain.

We are full six miles away from the line of march; though everything is dwarfed by distance, it is seen distinctly. The caravan has been about two hours in motion and is now extended as widely as a prudent regard for safety will permit. First, near the bank of the shining river, is a company of horsemen; they seem to have found an obstruction, for the main body has halted while three or four ride rapidly along the bank of a creek or slough. They are hunting a favorable crossing for the wagons; while we look they have succeeded; it has apparently required no work to make it passable, for all but one of the party have passed on, and he has raised a flag, no doubt a signal to the wagons to steer their course to where he stands. The leading teamster sees him, though he is yet two miles off, and steers his course directly towards him, all the wagons following in his track. They (the wagons) form a line three-quarters of a mile in length; some of the teamsters ride upon the front of their wagons, some march beside their teams; scattered along the line companies of women and children are taking exercise on foot; they gather bouquets of rare and beautiful flowers that line the way; near them stalks a stately grey hound or an Irish wolf dog, apparently proud of keeping watch and ward over his master's wife and children. Next comes a band of horses; two or three men or boys follow them, the docile and sagacious animals scarce needing this attention, for they have learned to follow in the rear of the wagons, and know that at noon they will be allowed to graze and rest. Their knowledge of time seems as accurate as of the place they are to occupy in the line, and even a full-blown thistle will scarce tempt them to straggle or halt until the dinner hour has arrived. Not so with the large herd of horned beasts that bring up the rear; lazy, selfish and unsocial, it has been a task to get them in motion, the strong always ready to domineer over the weak, halt in the front and forbid the weaker to pass them. They seem to move only in fear of the

driver's whip; though in the morning full to repletion, they have not been driven an hour, before their hunger and thirst seem to indicate a fast of days' duration. Through all the long day their greed is never sated nor their thirst quenched, nor is there a moment of relaxation of the tedious and vexatious labors of their drivers, although to all others the march furnishes some season of relaxation or enjoyment. For the cow-drivers there is none.

But from the stand-point of the hunters the vexations are not apparent; the crack of whips and loud objurgations are lost in the distance. Nothing of the moving panorama, smooth and orderly as it appears, has more attractions for the eye than that vast square column in which all colors are mingled, moving here slowly and there briskly, as impelled by horsemen riding furiously in front and rear.

But the picture, in its grandeur, its wonderful mingling of colors and distinctness of detail, is forgotten in contemplation of the singular people who give it life and animation. No other race of men with the means at their command would undertake so great a journey; none save these could successfully perform it, with no previous preparation, relying only on the fertility of their invention to devise the means to overcome each danger and difficulty as it arose. They have undertaken to perform, with slow-moving oxen, a journey of two thousand miles. The way lies over trackless wastes, wide and deep rivers, rugged and lofty mountains, and is beset with hostile savages. Yet, whether it were a deep river with no tree upon its banks, a rugged defile where even a loose horse could not pass, a hill too steep for him to climb, or a threatened attack of an enemy, they are always found ready and equal to the occasion, and always conquerors. May we not call them men of destiny? They are people changed in no essential particulars from their ancestors; who have followed closely on the footsteps of the receding savage, from the Atlantic sea-board to the great valley of the Mississippi.

But while we have been gazing at the picture in the valley, the hunters have been examining the high plain in the other direction. Some dark moving objects have been discovered in the distance, and all are closely watching them to discover what they are, for in the atmosphere of the plains a flock of crows marching miles away, or a band of buffaloes or Indians at ten times the distance look alike, and many ludicrous mistakes occur. But these are buffaloes, for two have struck their heads together and are, alternately, pushing each other back. The hunters mount and away in pursuit, and I, a poor cow-driver, must hurry back to my daily toil, and take a scolding from my fellow herders for so long playing truant.

The pilot, by measuring the ground and timing the speed of the wagons and

the walk of his horses, has determined the rate of each, so as to enable him to select the nooning place, as nearly as the requisite grass and water can be had at the end of five hours' travel of the wagons. To-day, the ground being favorable, little time has been lost in preparing the road, so that he and his pioneers are at the nooning place an hour in advance of the wagons, which time is spent in preparing convenient watering places for the animals, and digging little wells near the bank of the Platte. As the teams are not unyoked, but simply turned loose from the wagons, a corral is not formed at noon, but the wagons are drawn up in columns, four abreast, the leading wagon of each platoon on the left—the platoons being formed with that view. This brings friends together at noon as well as at night.

To-day, an extra session of the Council is being held, to settle a dispute that does not admit of delay, between a proprietor and a young man who has undertaken to do a man's service on the journey for bed and board. Many such engagements exist, and much interest is taken in the manner this high court, from which there is no appeal, will define the rights of each party in such engagements. The Council was a high court in the most exalted sense. It was a Senate, composed of the ablest and most respected fathers of the emigration. It exercised both legislative and judicial powers, and its laws and decisions proved it equal and worthy the high trust reposed in it. Its sessions were usually held on days when the caravan was not moving. It first took the state of the little commonwealth into consideration; revised or repealed rules defective or obsolete, and exacted such others as the exigencies seemed to require. The common weal being cared for, it next resolved itself into a court to hear and settle private disputes and grievances. The offender and the aggrieved appeared before it; witnesses were examined, and the parties were heard by themselves and sometimes by council. The judges thus being made fully acquainted with the case, and being in no way influenced or cramped by technicalities, decided all cases according to their merits. There was but little use for lawyers before this court, for no plea was entertained which was calculated to hinder or defeat the ends of justice. Many of these judges have since won honors in higher spheres. They have aided to establish on the broad basis of right and universal liberty two of the pillars of our great Republic in the Occident. Some of the young men who appeared before them as advocates have themselves sat upon the highest judicial tribunals, commanded armies, been Governors of States, and taken high positions in the Senate of the nation.

It is now one o'clock; the bugle has sounded, and the caravan has resumed its westward journey. It is in the same order, but the evening is far less animated than the morning march; a drowsiness has fallen apparently on man and beast;

teamsters drop asleep on their perches and even when walking by their teams, and the words of command are now addressed to the slowly creeping oxen in the softened tenor of women or the piping treble of children, while the snores of the teamsters make a droning accompaniment.

But a little incident breaks the monotony of the march. An emigrant's wife whose state of health has caused Dr. Whitman to travel near the wagon for the day, is now taken with violent illness. The Doctor has had the wagon driven out of the line, a tent pitched and a fire kindled. Many conjectures are hazarded in regard to this mysterious proceeding, and as to why this lone wagon is to be left behind.

And we too must leave it, hasten to the front, and note the proceedings, for the sun is now getting low in the west, and at length the pains-taking pilot is standing ready to conduct the train in the circle which he has previously measured and marked out, which is to form the invariable fortification for the night. The leading wagons follow him so nearly round the circle, that but a wagon length separates them. Each wagon follows in its track, the rear closing on the front, until its tongue and ox-chains will perfectly reach from one to the other, and so accurate the measurement and perfect the practice, that the hindmost wagon of the train always precisely closes the gateway, as each wagon is brought into position. It is dropped from its team, (the teams being inside the circle) the team unyoked, and the yokes and chains are used to connect the wagon strongly with that in its front. Within ten minutes from the time the leading wagon halted, the barricade is formed, the teams unyoked and driven out to pasture. Every one is busy preparing fires of buffalo chips to cook the evening meal, pitching tents and otherwise preparing for the night. There are anxious watchers for the absent wagon, for there are many matrons who may be afflicted like its inmate before the journey is over; and they fear the strange and startling practice of this Oregon doctor will be dangerous. But as the sun goes down, the absent wagon rolls into camp, the bright, speaking face and cheery look of the doctor, who rides in advance, declare without words that all is well, and both mother and child are comfortable. I would fain now and here pay a passing tribute to that noble and devoted man, Dr. Whitman. I will obtrude no other name upon the reader, nor would I his, were he of our party or even living, but his stay with us was transient, though the good he did us permanent, and he has long since died at his post.

From the time he joined us on the Platte until he left us at Fort Hall, his great experience and indomitable energy were of priceless value to the migrating column. His constant advice, which we knew was based upon a knowledge of the road before us, was—"travel, *travel*, TRAVEL—nothing else will take you to

the end of your journey ; nothing is wise that does not help you along, nothing is good for you that causes a moment's delay." His great authority as a physician and complete success in the case above referred to, saved us many prolonged and perhaps ruinous delays from similar causes, and it is no disparagement to others to say, that to no other individual are the emigrants of 1843 so much indebted for the successful conclusion of their journey, as to Dr. Marcus Whitman.

All able to bear arms in the party have been formed into three companies, and each of these into four watches; every third night it is the duty of one of these companies to keep watch and ward over the camp, and it is so arranged that each watch takes its turn of guard duty through the different watches of the night. Those forming the first watch to-night will be second on duty, then third and fourth, which brings them through all the watches of the night. They begin at eight o'clock, P. M., and end at four o'clock, A. M.

It is not yet eight o'clock when the first watch is to be set; the evening meal is just over, and the corral now free from the intrusion of cattle or horses, groups of children are scattered over it. The larger are taking a game of romps; "the wee toddling things" are being taught that great achievement that distinguishes man from the lower animals. Before a tent near the river a violin makes lively music, and some youths and maidens have improvised a dance upon the green; in another quarter a flute gives its mellow and melancholy notes to the still night air, which as they float away over the quiet river, seem a lament for the past rather than a hope for the future. It has been a prosperous day; more than twenty miles have been accomplished of the great journey. The encampment is a good one; one of the causes that threatened much future delay has just been removed by the skill and energy of "that good angel" of the emigrants, Dr. Whitman, and it has lifted a load from the hearts of the elders. Many of these are assembled around the good Doctor at the tent of the pilot, (which is his home for the time being) and are giving grave attention to his wise and energetic counsel. The care-worn pilot sits aloof, quietly smoking his pipe, for he knows the brave Doctor is "strengthening his hands."

But time passes; the watch is set for the night, the council of old men has broken up, and each has returned to his own quarter. The flute has whispered its last lament to the deepning night. The violin is silent, and the dancers have dispersed. Enamored youth have whispered a tender "good night" in the ear of blushing maidens, or stolen a kiss from the lips of some future bride—for Cupid here as elsewhere has been busy bringing together congenial hearts, and among these simple people he alone is consulted in forming the marriage tie. Even the Doctor and the pilot have finished their confidential interview and

have separated for the night. All is hushed and repose from the fatigues of the day, save the vigilant guard, and the wakeful leader who still has cares upon his mind that forbid sleep.

He hears the ten o'clock relief taking post and the "all well" report of the returned guard: the night deepens, yet he seeks not the needed repose. At length a sentinel hurries to him with the welcome report that a party is approaching—as yet too far away for its character to be determined, and he instantly hurries out in the direction seen. This he does both from inclination and duty, for in times past the camp had been unnecessarily alarmed by timid or inexperienced sentinels, causing much confusion and fright amongst women and children, and it had been made a rule, that all extraordinary incidents of the night should be reported directly to the pilot, who alone had the authority to call out the military strength of the column, or so much of it as was in his judgment necessary to prevent a stampede or repel an enemy.

To-night he is at no loss to determine that the approaching party are our missing hunters, and that they have met with success, and he only waits until by some further signal he can know that no ill has happened to them. This is not long wanting. He does not even await their arrival, but the last care of the day being removed, and the last duty performed, he too seeks the rest that will enable him to go through the same routine to-morrow. But here I leave him, for my task is also done, and unlike his, it is to be repeated no more.

HON. JOSEPH C. AVERY.

BORN 1817. DIED 1876.

Hon. Joseph C. Avery was born in Luzerne county, Pennsylvania, June 9th, 1817, was educated at Wilkesbarre, the county seat of his county. Came west, and settled in Illinois in 1839; was married in 1841; crossed the plains in 1845, arriving in Oregon late in the fall, and spent the winter at Oregon City. In the spring of 1846 settled in Benton county, taking up a claim at the junction of Willamette and Mary's rivers. In the winter of 1850 he laid out a town site upon his land, which was called Marysville, and afterwards changed to Corvallis. He engaged in the mercantile business in 1849 and continued the same for 23 years. Was a member of the first Territorial Legislature for Oregon and served for two or three terms. Was Postal Agent under Buchanan's administration, and has figured prominently in the politics of the country for over a quarter of a century.

Noble and generous, though slightly impetuous, he had warm and true friends, and bitter enemies. His deeds of charity and acts of kindness and hospitality towards suffering emigrants, in early days, will ever be remembered. At the age of 16 he united with the Baptist church, and professed religion. After his arrival in Oregon he never renewed his church relations, but always felt that his early vows were upon him. He died after a lingering illness of several months, on June 16, 1876, surrounded by the members of his family, and was buried by the Masonic fraternity of which he was a member.

JOSEPH COX.

BORN, 1811. DIED, 1876.

Joseph Cox was born in Ohio, in 1811, and at the age of 5 years his parents moved to Indiana. In 1832, he was married, and two years afterwards he went to Illinois, and settled at Wilmington, Will county; but desiring to better his condition, in 1841, he moved and settled near St. Joseph, Missouri, where he remained until 1847, when he immigrated to Oregon and settled and lived the remainder of his life. Mr. Cox was elected a member of the convention that met at Salem, the Territorial Capital, to frame the present Constitution of Oregon. He did not take an active part as a speaker, but wielded considerable influence as a man of sound and reliable judgment. His vote was always acknowledged on the several subjects as evincing a keen insight into the wants of the young and rising State they wished to establish.

In all matters of politics he wielded a quiet but wide influence; as a citizen, was well respected, and his death made a void that will be long felt and difficult to fill; as an advisor to the young he was a living model of truthfulness and honesty, showing by quiet and unostentatious acts that he practiced as well as gave verbal admonitions. In religion, he was of liberal tendencies, never intruding his peculiar beliefs unasked, but when interrogated, he had no hesitancy in giving the information. A good man in any community, and Oregon was the gainer by him becoming a citizen, and always had the interest of her welfare at heart.

GOV. GEORGE ABERNETHY.

BORN, 1807. DIED, 1877.

George Abernethy was born in New York city in 1807; he resided there until 1839, when he started for Oregon, arriving in May, 1840. During his long residence in Oregon he followed mercantile pursuits almost steadily. For many years he resided on the Willamette just below Oregon City, and whoever in passing sees the old residence instantly remembers him who was so long its occupant. Among the first of our Pioneers he was active and conspicuous in laying the foundations of a great commonwealth. On the organization of the provincial government, in 1845, he was chosen Governor. Until the Territorial government was established by the Act of Congress, passed in 1848, he held the position of Governor with honor to himself and with advantage to the country. At different times he was engaged in various extensive business enterprises, notably in the large mills at the Willamette falls opposite Oregon City. By the great flood of 1861 he was involved in heavy pecuniary losses. Shortly afterward he moved to Portland, where he has since resided, and been engaged in business.

Mr. Abernethy's death was sudden and entirely unexpected, caused by heart disease; although nearly seventy years of age, he was quite active, and took a deep interest in the progress of the country—especially in moral and religious matters—as he was a member of the Methodist church a great many years.